

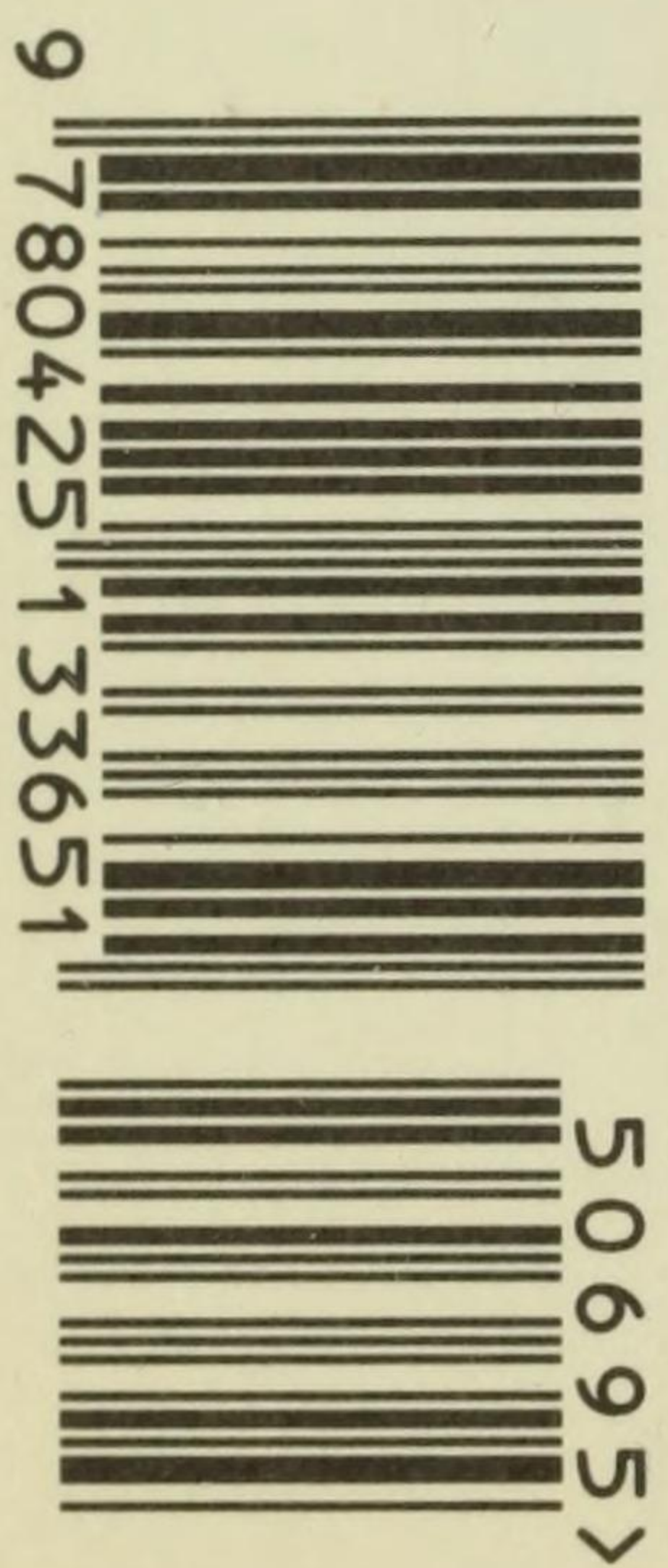
AS SEEN ON SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE

Deep Thoughts



*Inspiration for
the Uninspired*

by
Jack Handey



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by
Jack Handey



BERKLEY BOOKS, NEW YORK

DEEP THOUGHTS

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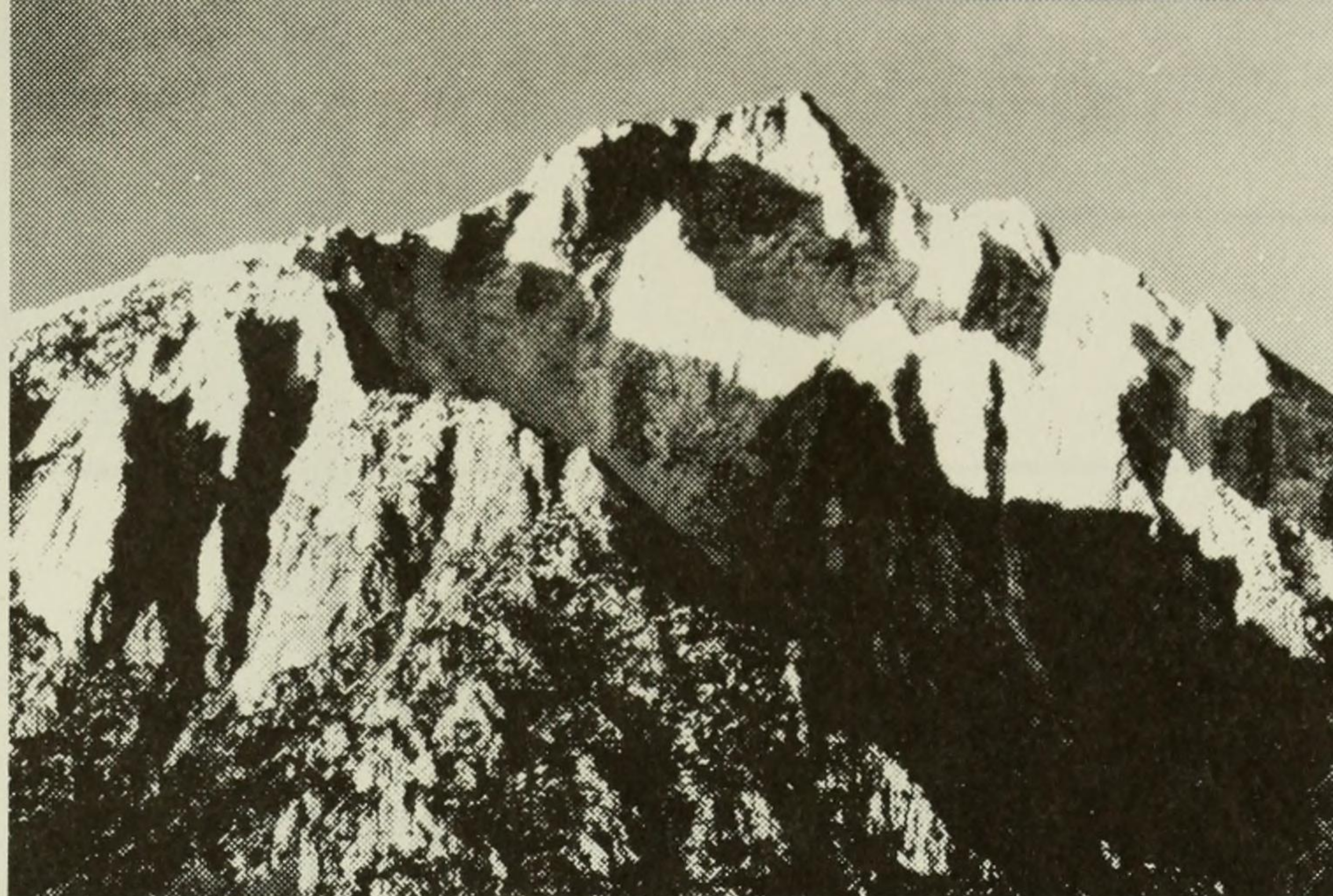
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To Marta

Special thanks to:

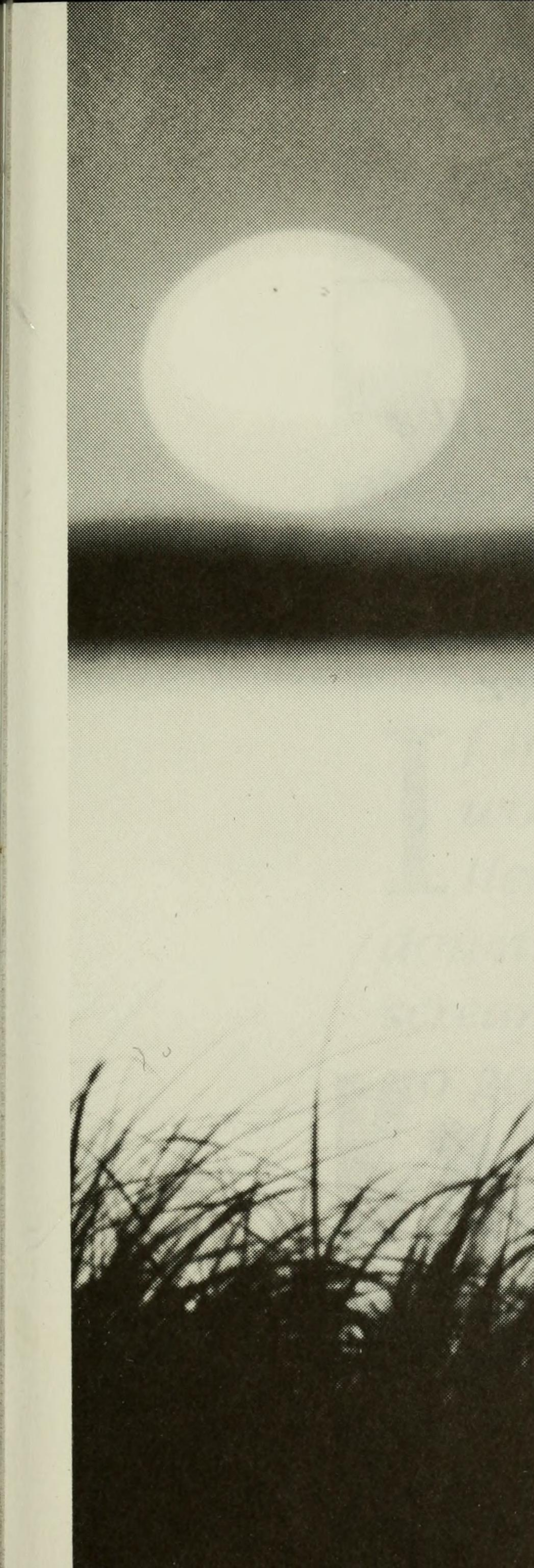
*George Meyer, John Fortenberry, Tom Gammill,
Max Pross, Fred Graver,
Ed Wintermantel, Lorne Michaels,
Byron Laursen, Chris Hart, William Novak,
Michael Nesmith and, most especially,
Marta Chavez Handey.*



*I t takes a big man to cry,
but it takes a bigger man
to laugh at that man.*

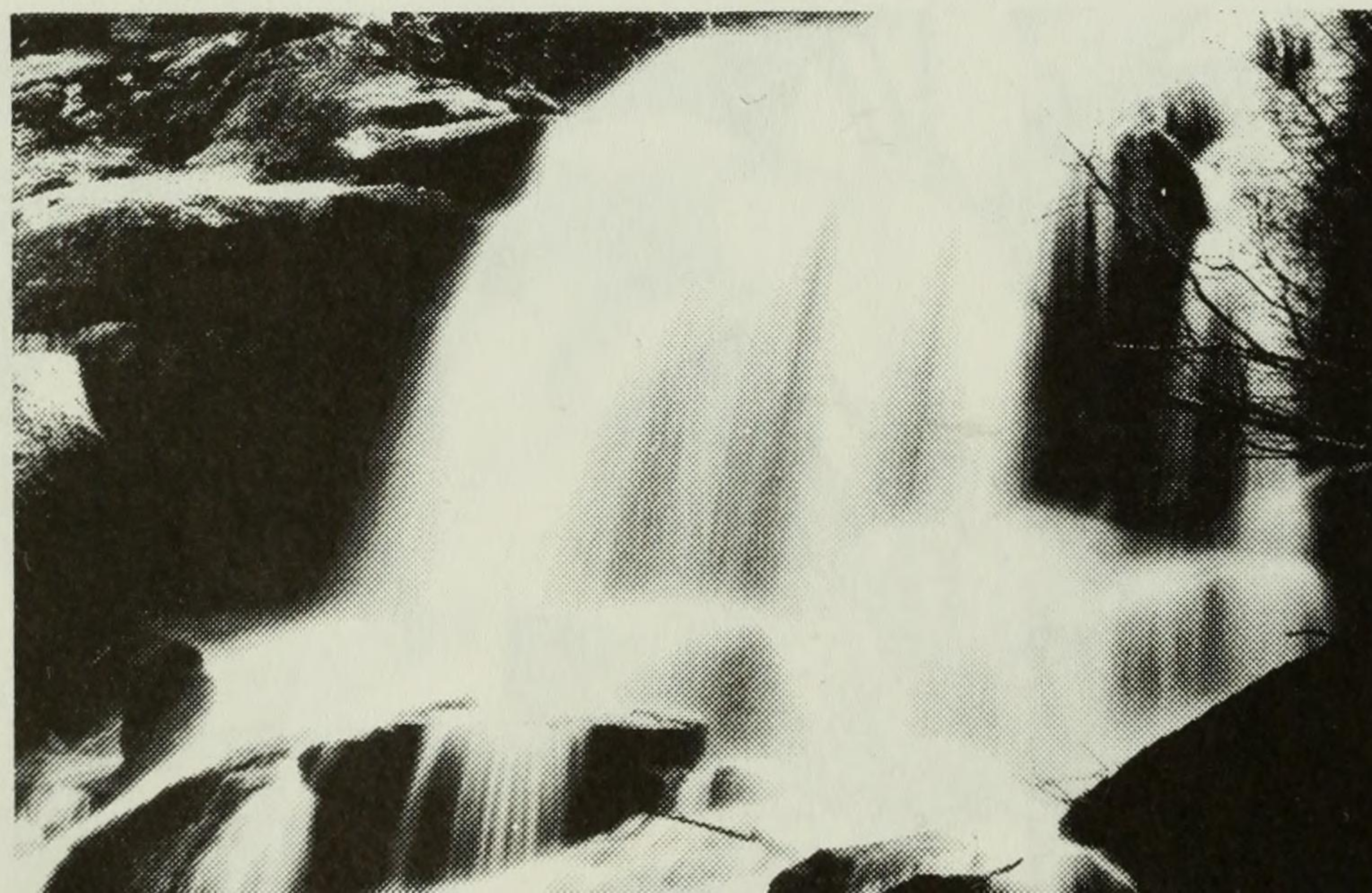
*If you ever fall off the
Sears Tower, just go
real limp, because
maybe you'll look like a
dummy and people will
try to catch you because,
hey, free dummy.*





If a kid asks where rain comes from, I think a cute thing to tell him is "God is crying." And if he asks why God is crying, another cute thing to tell him is "Probably because of something you did."

T*o me, boxing is like
a ballet, except
there's no music, no
choreography, and the
dancers hit each other.*

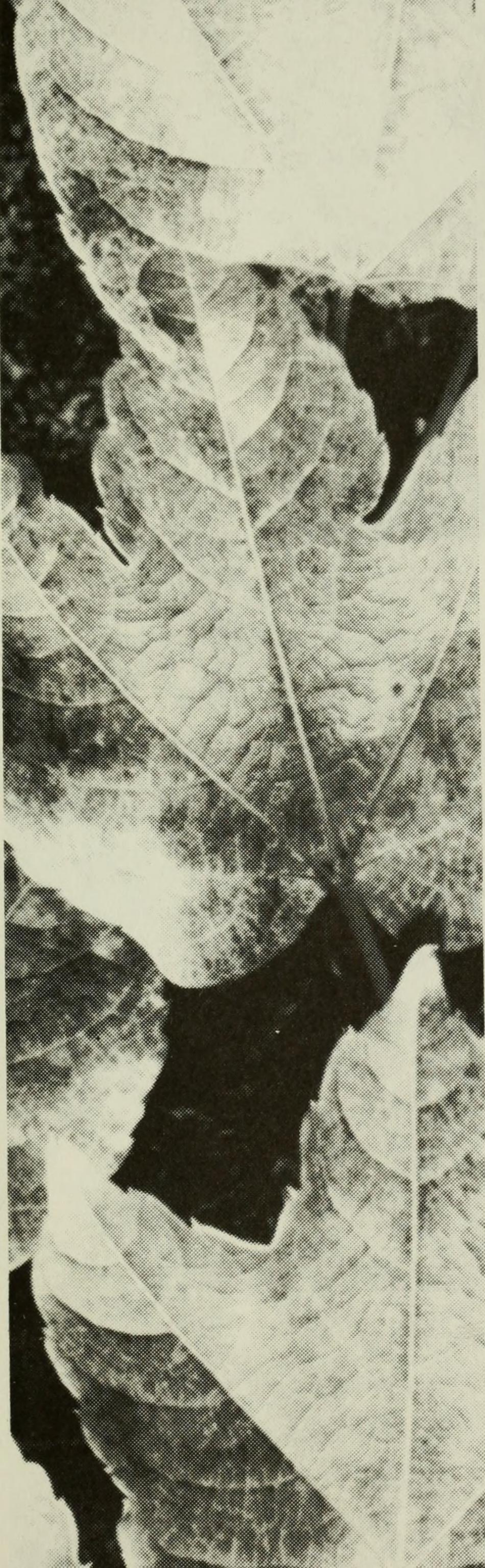




*If trees could scream,
would we be so cava-
lier about cutting them
down? We might, if they
screamed all the time, for
no good reason.*

*Better not take a dog
on the Space Shuttle,
because if he sticks
his head out when you're
coming home his face
might burn up.*

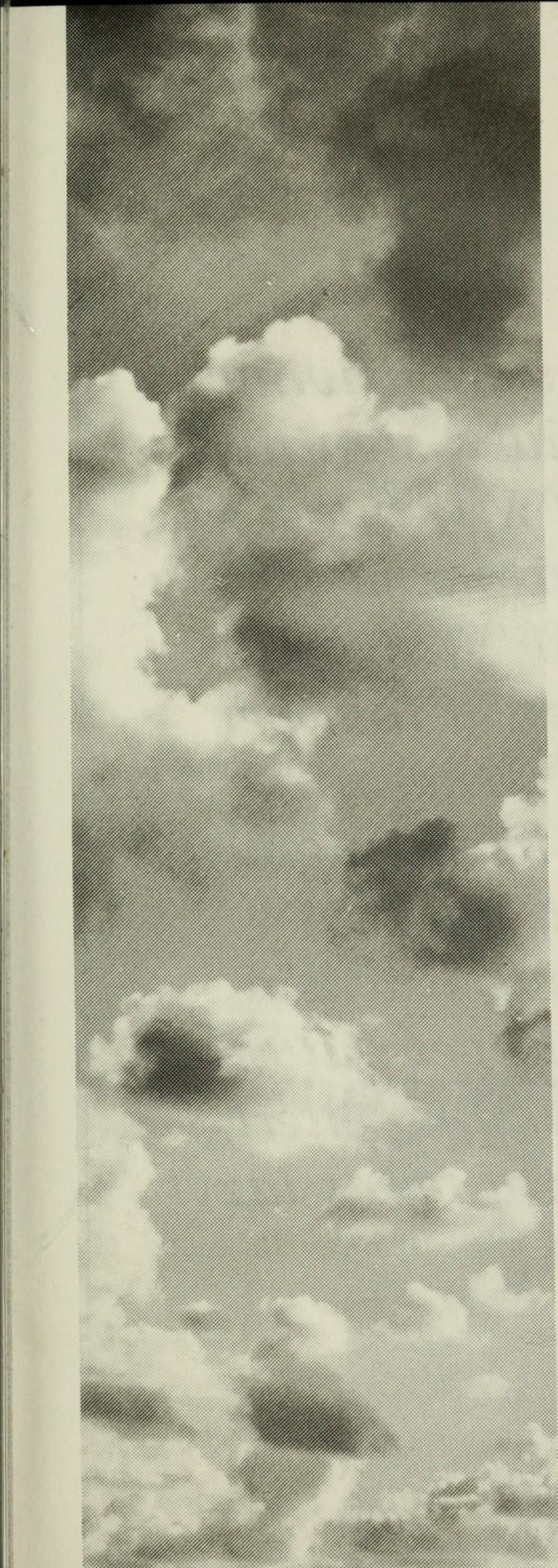




T*o me, clowns aren't
funny. In fact,
they're kinda scary.
I've wondered where this
started, and I think it goes
back to the time I went to
the circus and a clown
killed my dad.*

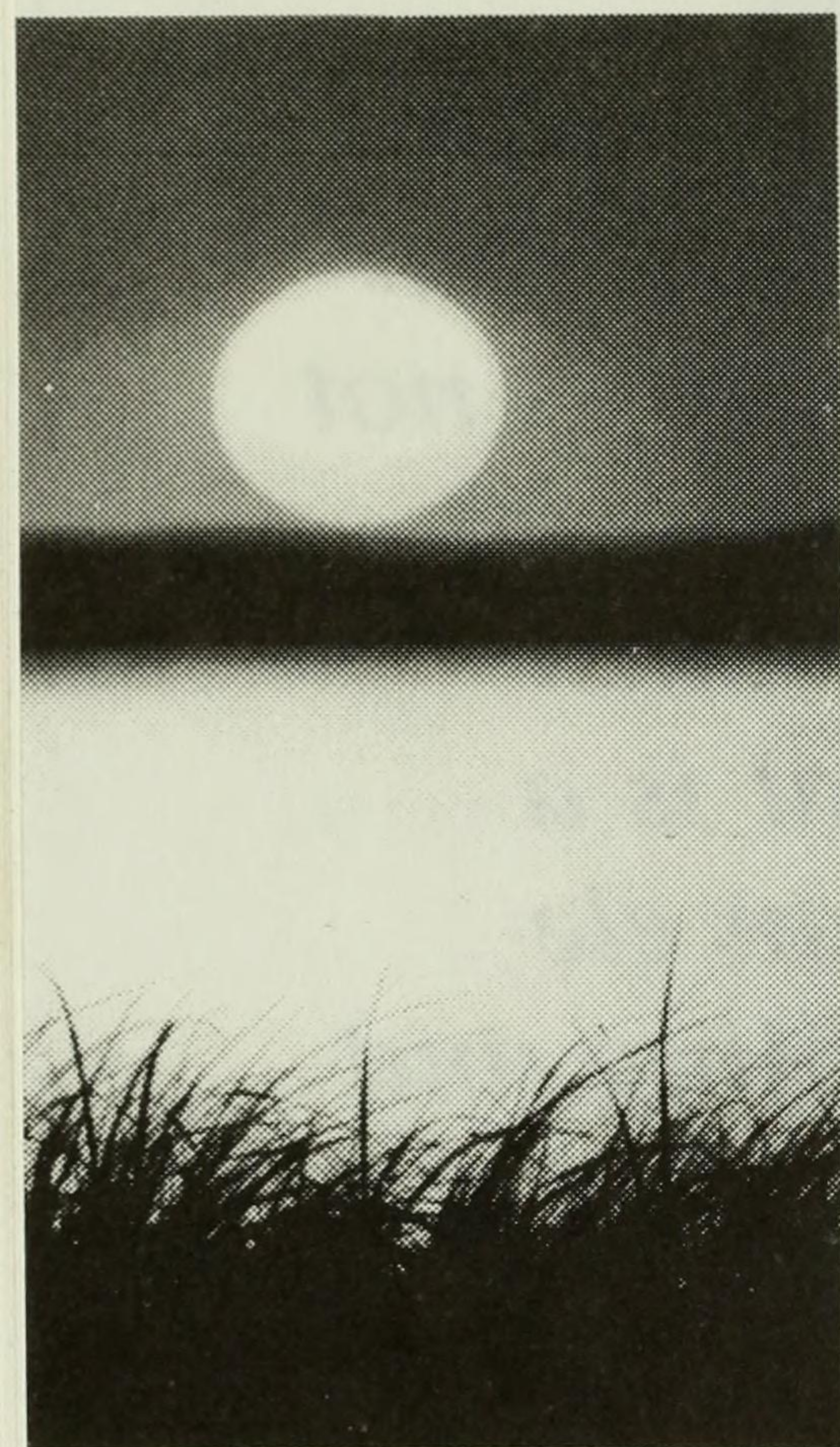


*I'd like to see a nude
opera, because when
they hit those high
notes I bet you can really
see it in those genitals.*

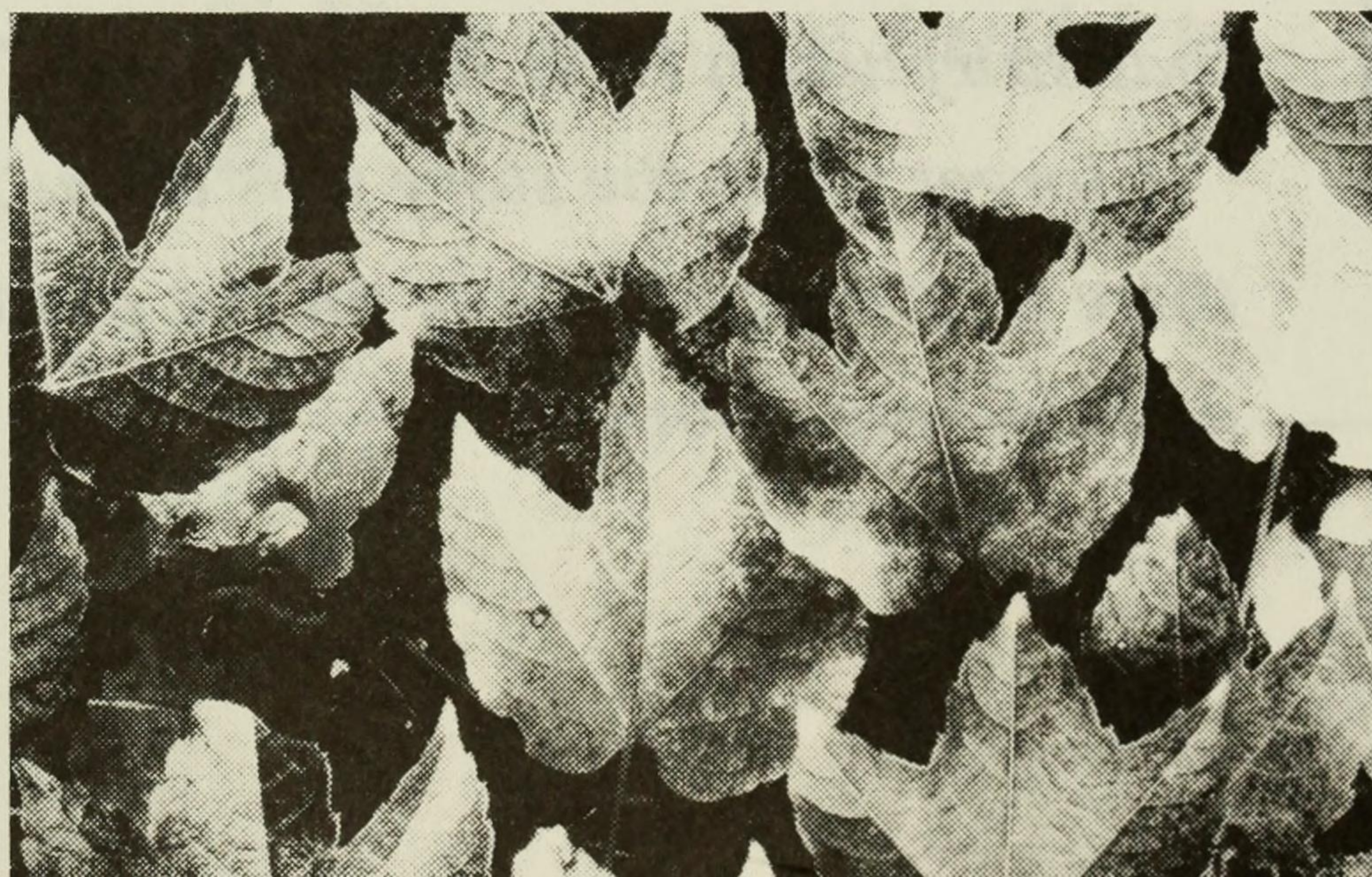


Contrary to popular belief, the most dangerous animal is not the lion or tiger or even the elephant. The most dangerous animal is a shark riding on an elephant, just trampling and eating everything they see.

*As we were driving,
we saw a sign that
said "Watch For
Rocks." Marta said it
should read "Watch For
Pretty Rocks." I told her
she should write in her
suggestion to the highway
department, but she
started saying it was a
joke—just to get out of
writing a simple letter!
And I thought I was lazy!*



A s I bit into the nectarine, it had a crisp juiciness about it that was very pleasurable—until I realized it wasn't a nectarine at all, but A HUMAN HEAD!!



Once, when I was in Hawaii, on the island of Kauai, I met a mysterious old stranger. He said he was about to die and wanted to tell someone about the treasure. I said, "Okay, as long as it's not a long story. Some of us have a plane to catch, you know."

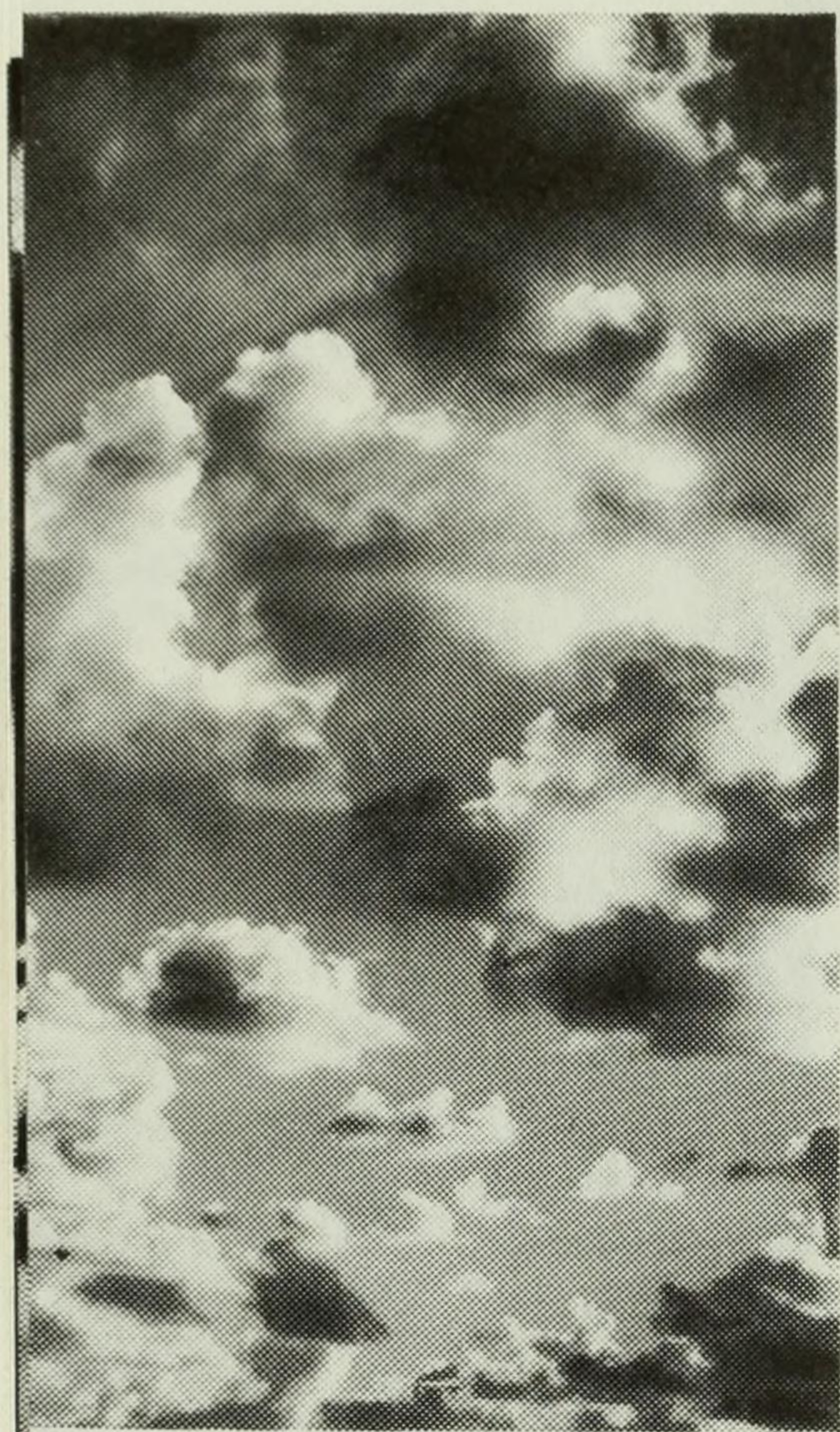
He started telling his story, about the treasure and his life and all, and I thought: "This story isn't too long." But then, he kept going, and I started thinking, "Uh-oh, this story is getting long." But then, the story was over, and I said to myself: "You know, that story wasn't too long after all."

I forget what the story was about, but there was a good movie on the plane. It was a little long, though.

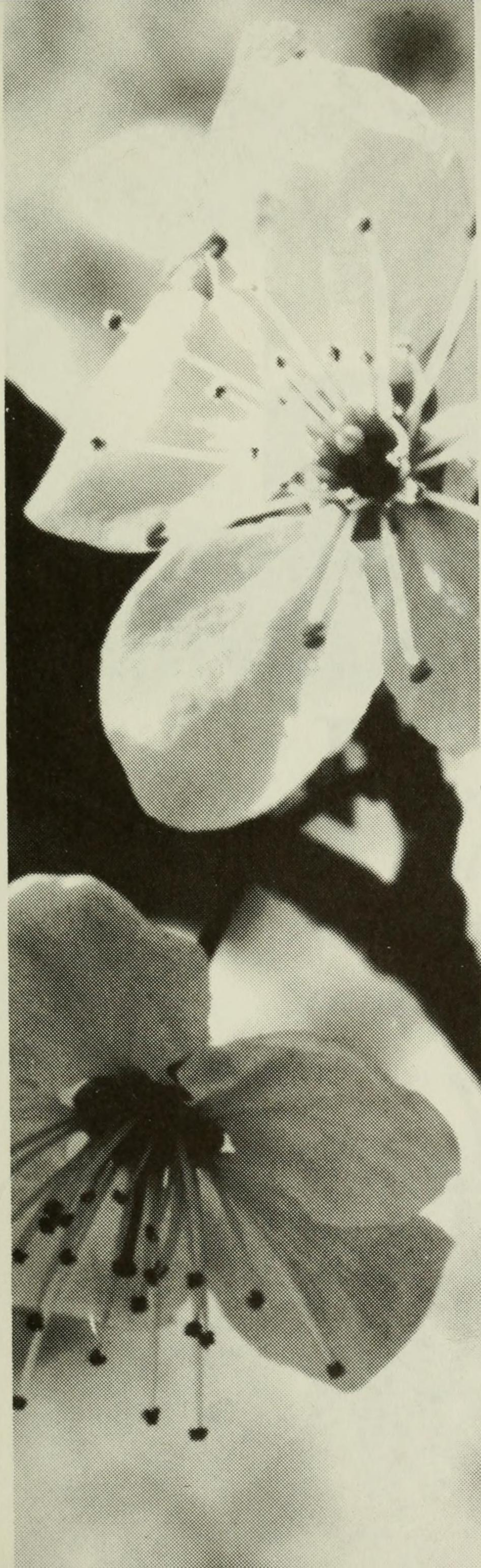




If you ever teach a yodeling class, probably the hardest thing is to keep the students from just trying to yodel right off. You see, we build to that.

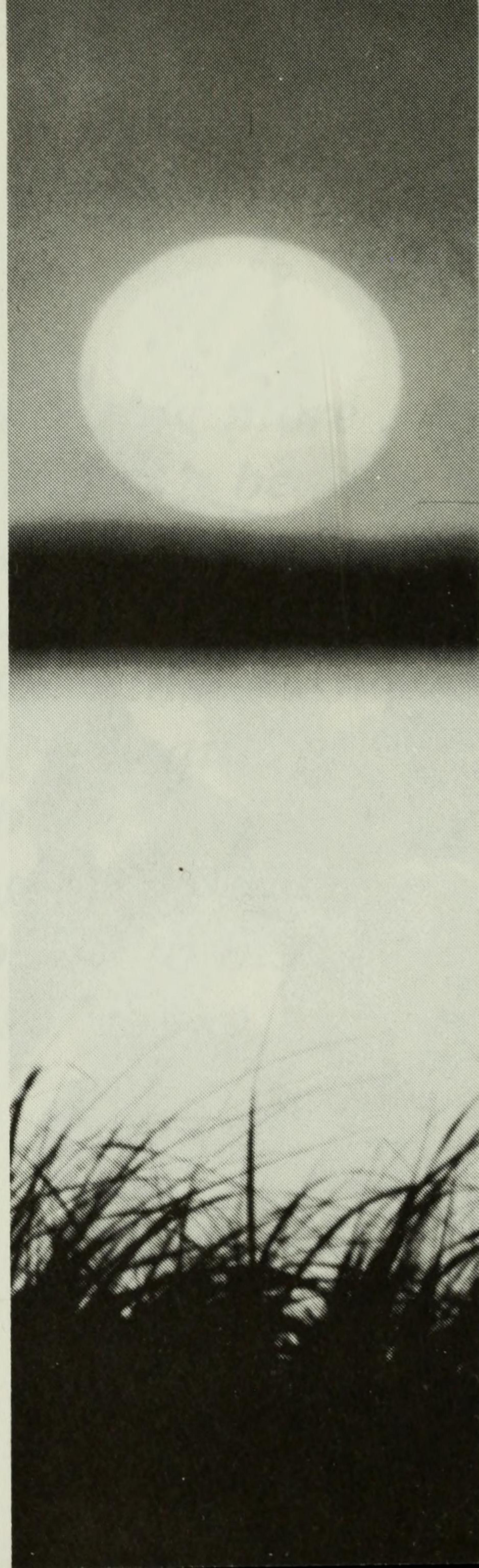


*I*s there anything more beautiful than a beautiful, beautiful flamingo, flying across in front of a beautiful sunset? And he's carrying a beautiful rose in his beak, and also he's carrying a very beautiful painting with his feet. And also, you're drunk.



*I guess of all my uncles,
I liked Uncle Cave Man
the best. We called him
Uncle Cave Man because
he lived in a cave and be-
cause sometimes he'd eat
one of us. Later on we
found out he was a bear.*

Anytime I see something screech across a room and latch onto someone's neck, and the guy screams and tries to get it off, I have to laugh, because what is that thing?!

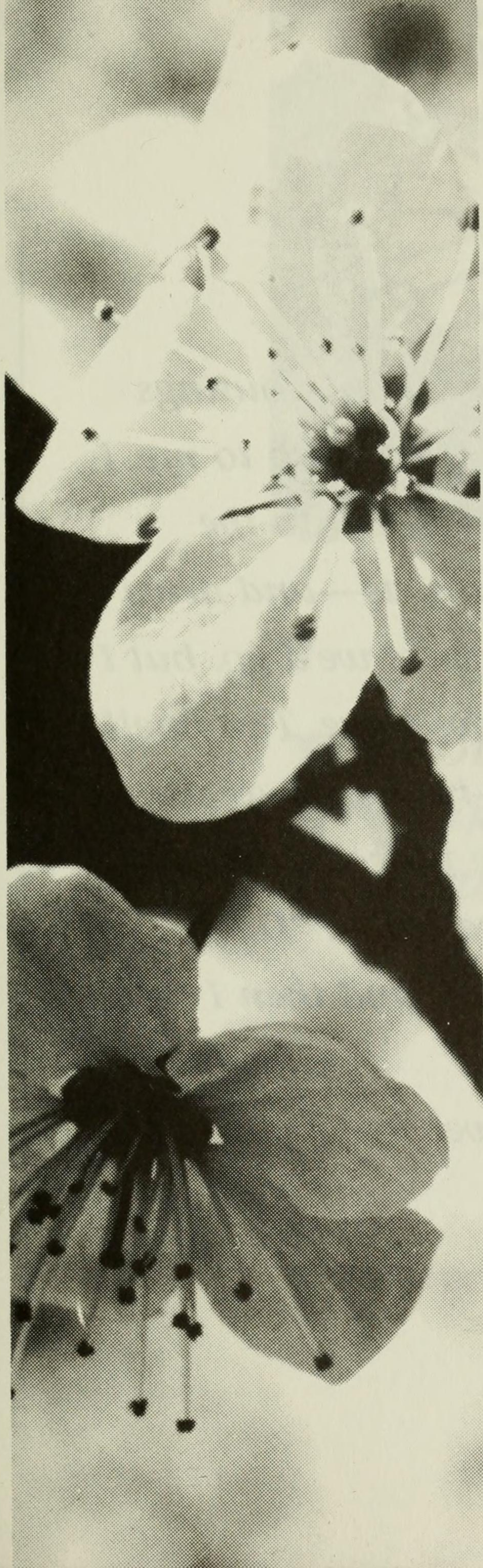




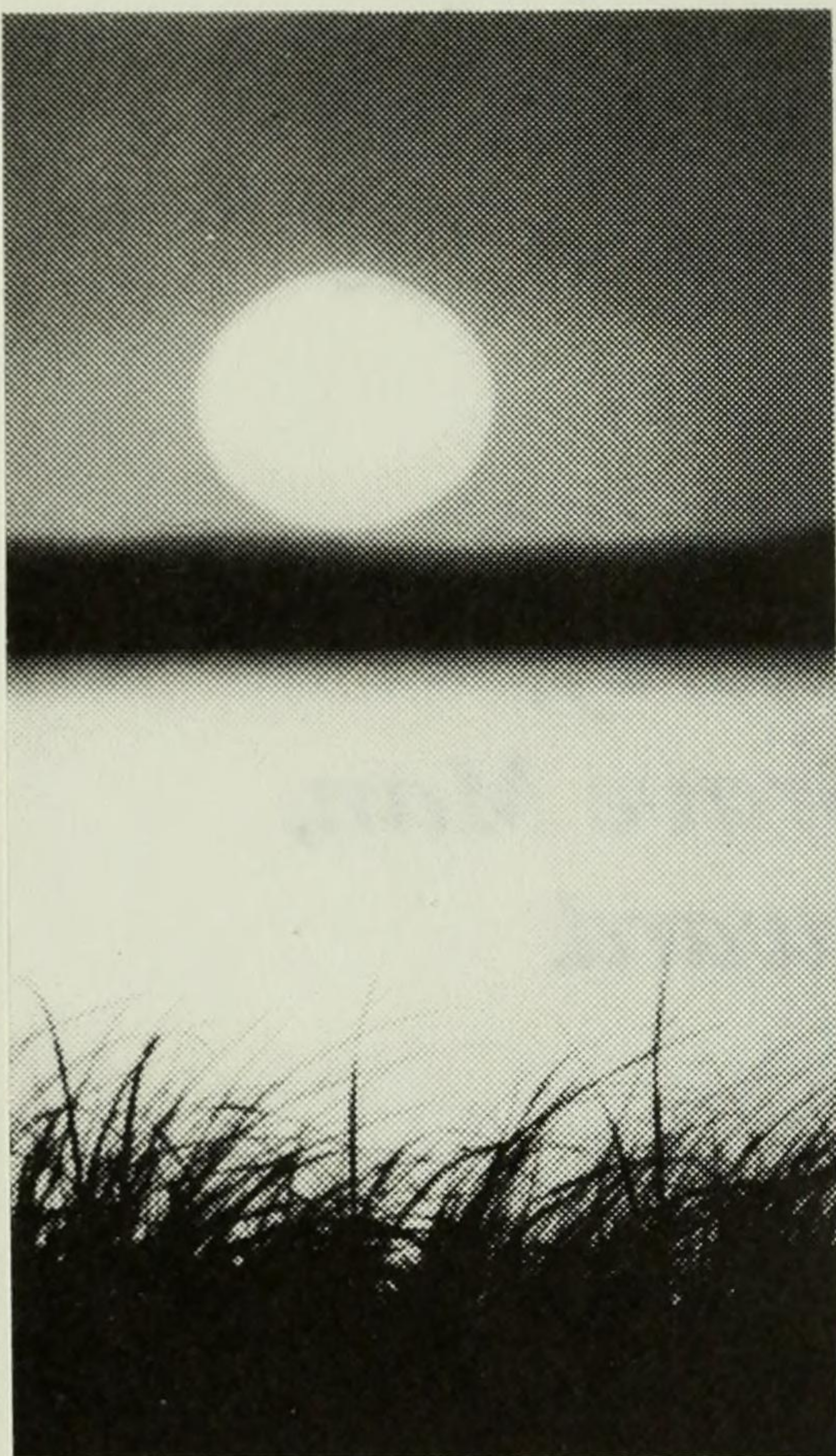
In weightlifting, I don't
think sudden, uncon-
trolled urination
should automatically dis-
qualify you.

*If you're a horse, and
someone gets on you,
and falls off, and then
gets right back on you, I
think you should buck
him off right away.*



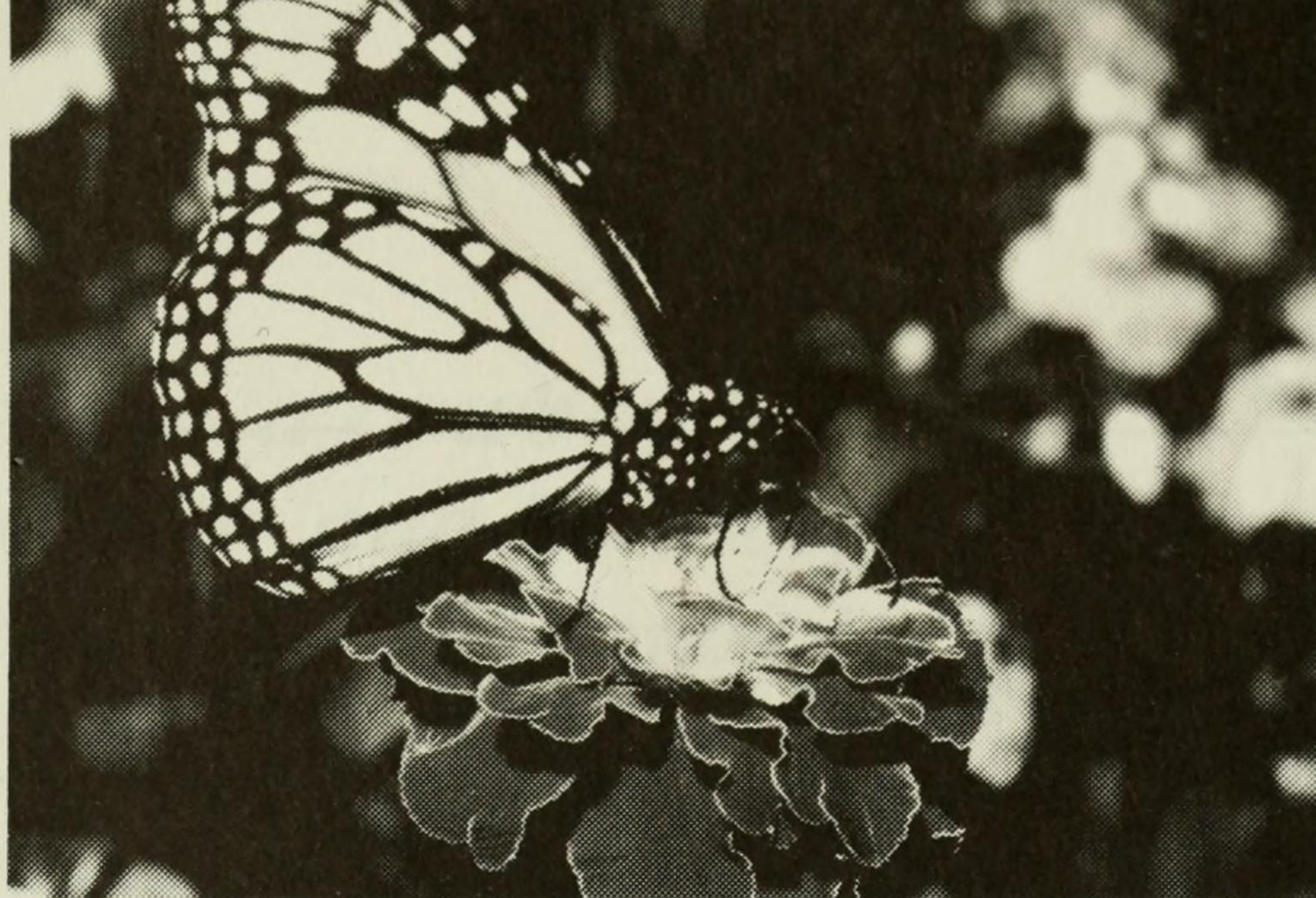


*If you define cowardice
as running away at the
first sign of danger,
screaming and tripping
and begging for mercy,
then yes, Mister Brave Man,
I guess I am a coward.*



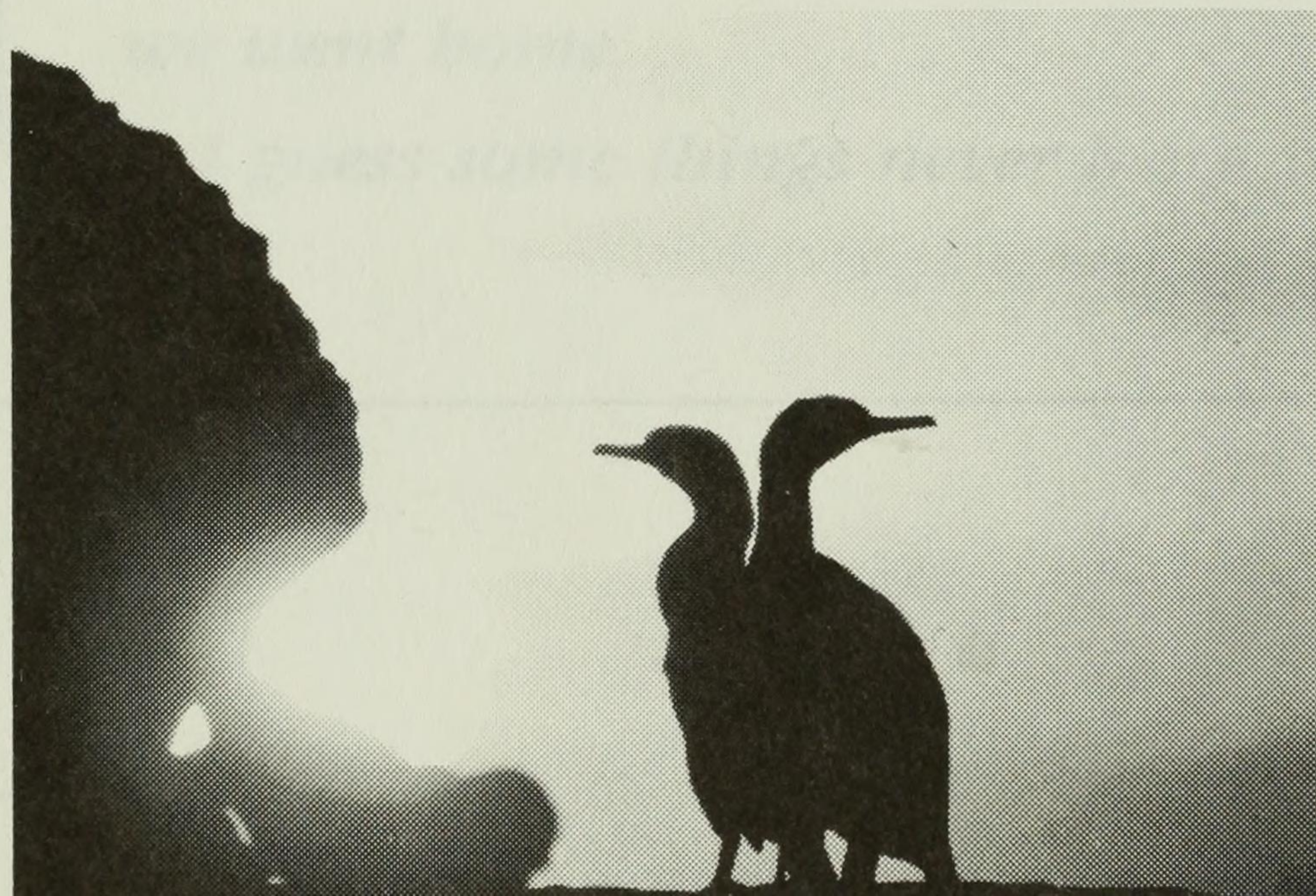
T*he memories of my family outings are still a source of strength to me. I remember we'd all pile into the car—I forget what kind it was—and drive and drive. I'm not sure where we'd go, but I think there were some trees there. The smell of something was strong in the air as we played whatever sport we played. I remember a bigger, older guy we called "Dad." We'd eat some stuff, or not, and then I think we went home.*

I guess some things never leave you.

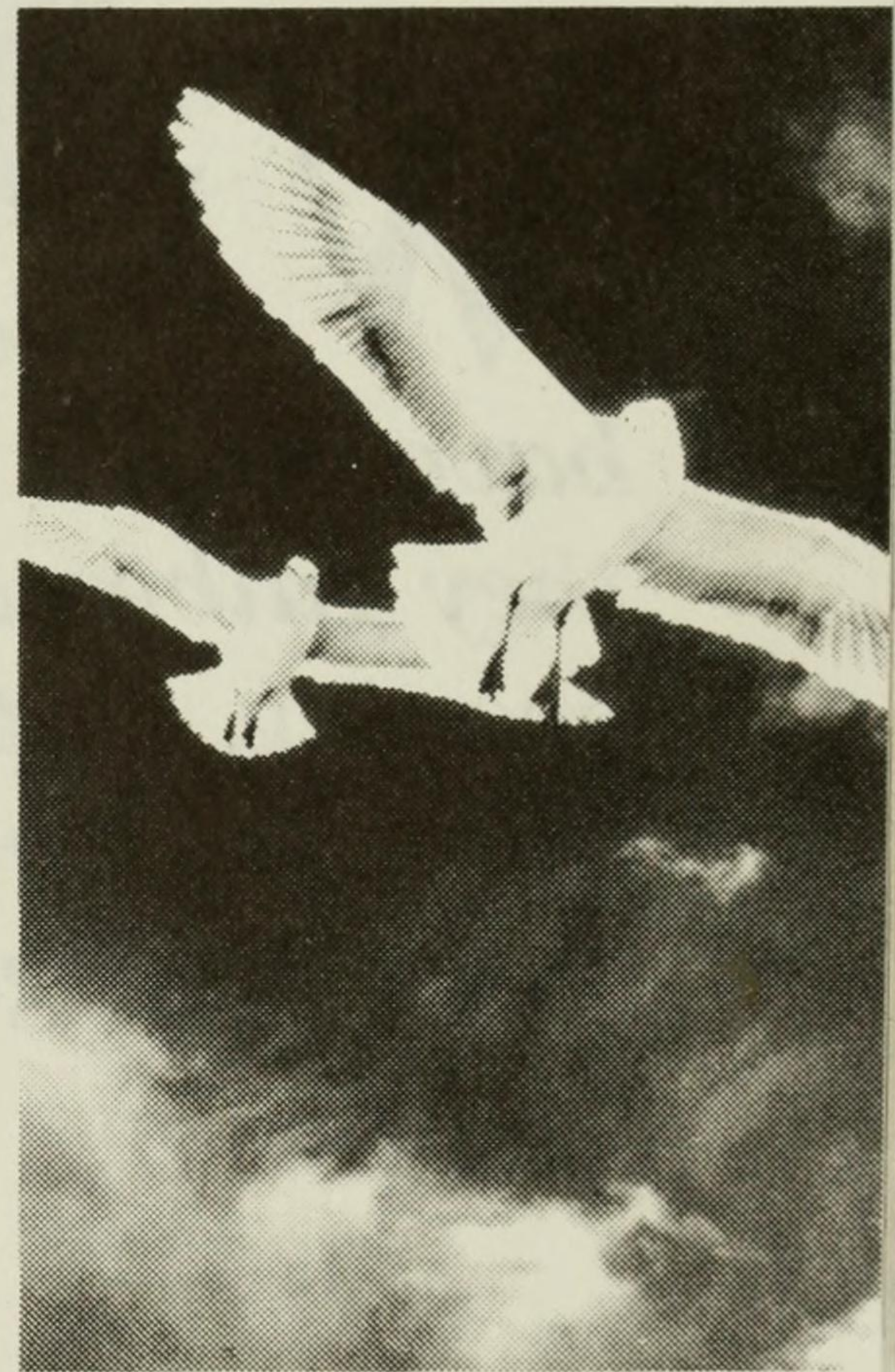


Blow ye winds,
Like the trumpet blows;
But without that noise.

I *wish a robot would
get elected President.
That way, when he
came to town, we could
all take a shot at him and
not feel too bad.*



*He was a cowboy,
mister, and he loved
the land. He loved it
so much he made a
woman out of dirt and
married her. But when he
kissed her, she disinte-
grated. Later, at the fu-
neral, when the preacher
said "Dust to dust," some
people laughed, and the
cowboy shot them. At his
hanging, he told the oth-
ers, "I'll be waiting for
you in heaven—with a
gun."*

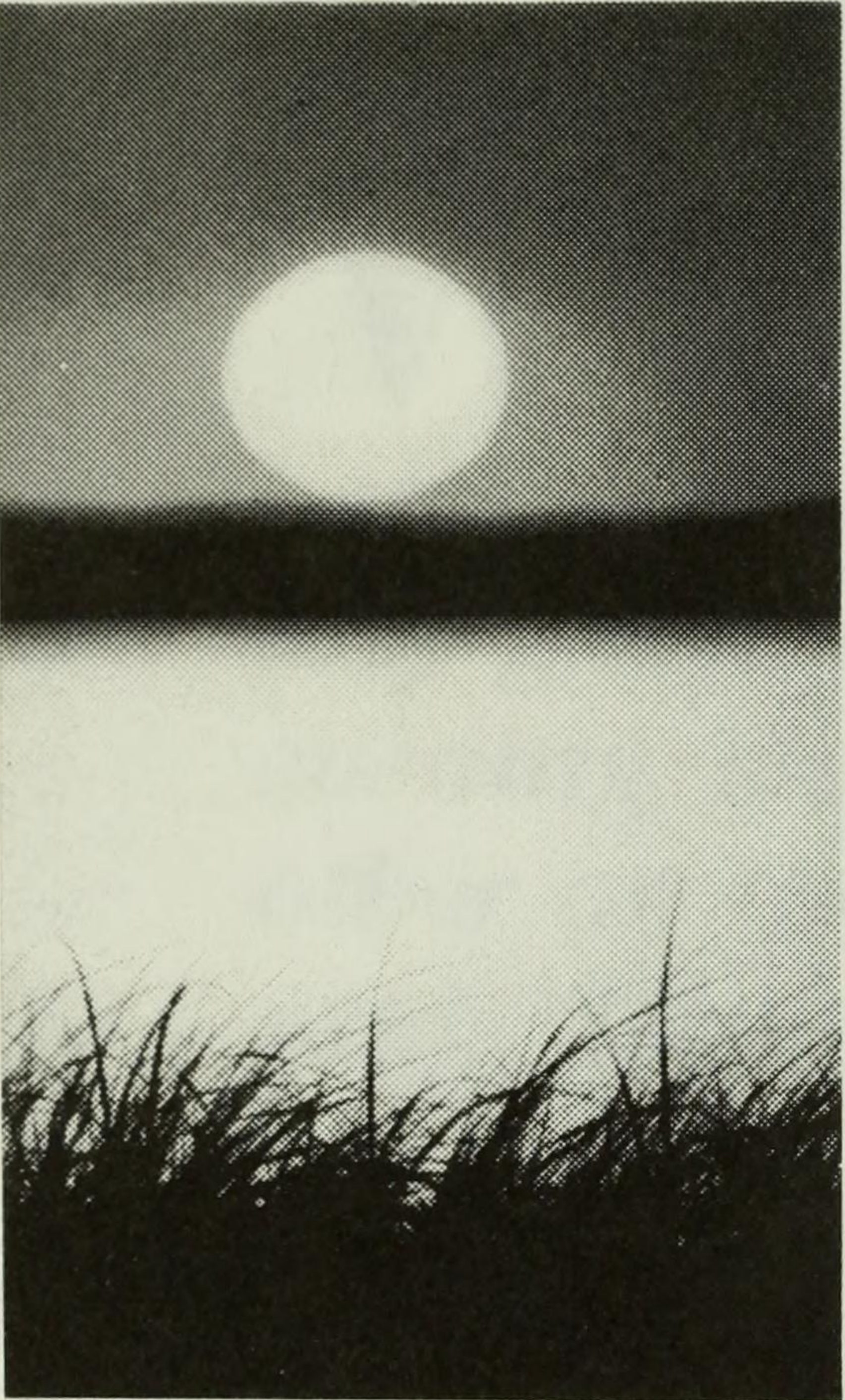


When the age of the Vikings came to a close, they must have sensed it. Probably, they gathered together one evening, slapped each other on the back and said, "Hey, good job."





*If you go parachuting,
and your parachute
doesn't open, and your
friends are all watching
you fall, I think a funny
gag would be to pretend
you were swimming.*

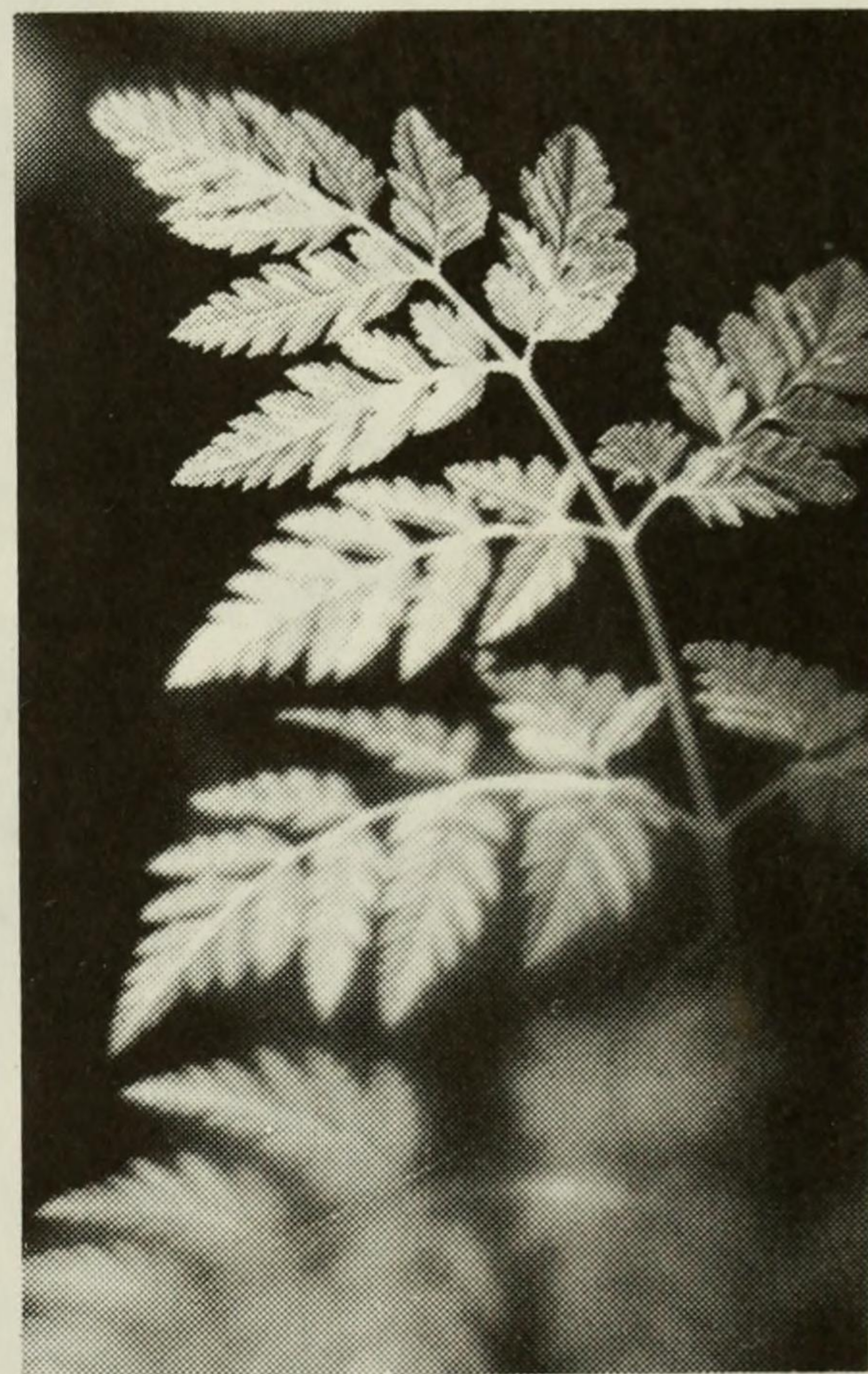


Sometimes when I feel like killing someone, I do a little trick to calm myself down. I'll go over to the person's house and ring the doorbell. When the person comes to the door, I'm gone, but you know what I've left on the porch? A jack-o'-lantern with a knife in the side of its head with a note that says "You."

After that, I usually feel a lot better, and no harm done.

I can still recall old Mister Barnslow getting out every morning and nailing a fresh load of tadpoles to that old board of his. Then he'd spin it round and round, like a wheel of fortune, and no matter where it stopped he'd yell out, "Tadpoles! Tadpoles is a winner!"

We all thought he was crazy. But then, we had some growing up to do.





T*he face of a child can say
it all, especially the
mouth part of the face.*

If I ever opened a trampoline store, I don't think I'd call it Trampo-Land, because you might think it was a store for tramps, which is not the impression we are trying to convey with our store. On the other hand, we would not prohibit tramps from browsing, or testing the trampolines, unless a tramp's gyrations seemed to be getting out of control.





I wish I had a kryptonite cross, because then you could keep both Dracula and Superman away.

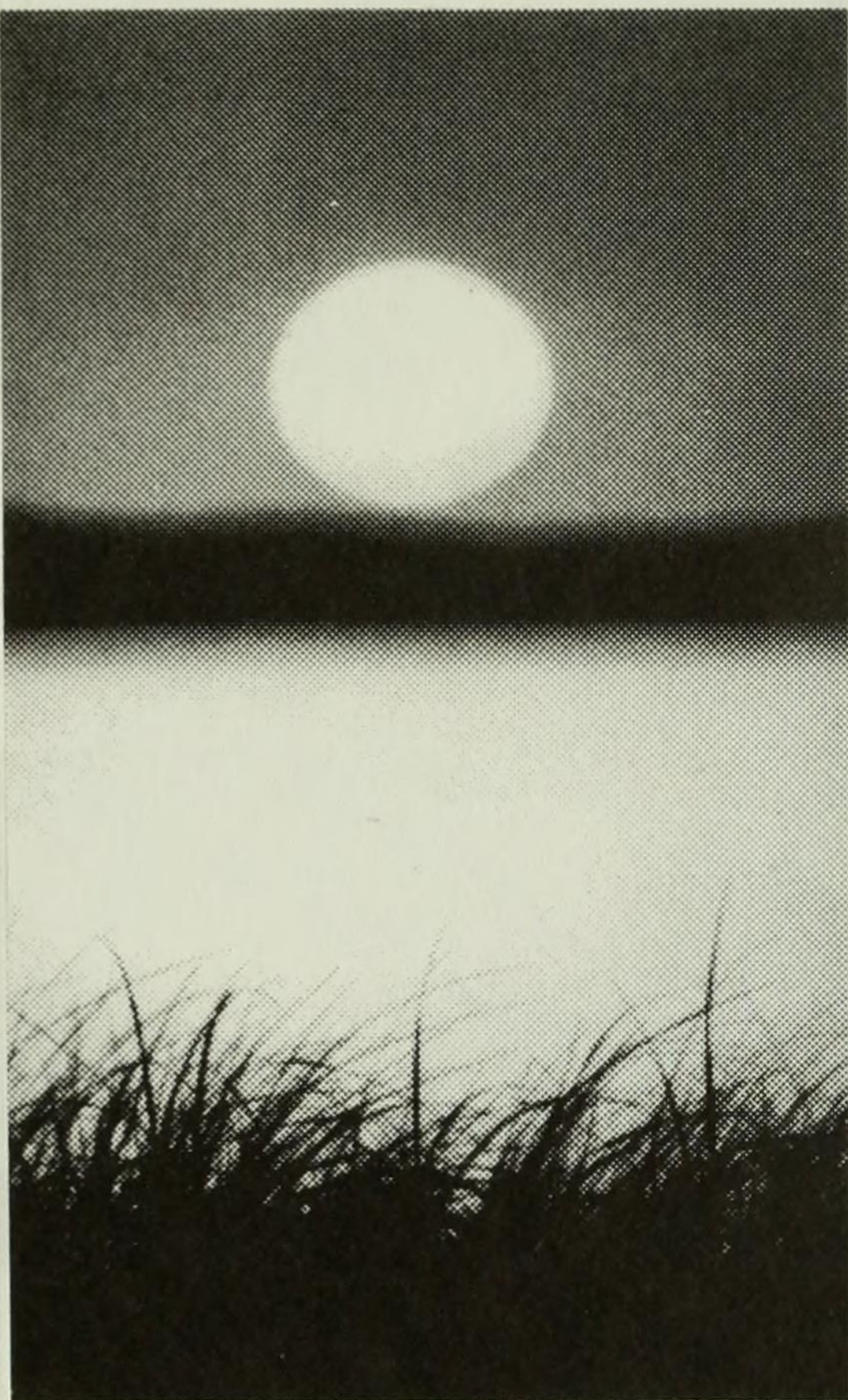
Too bad you can't just grab a tree by the very tiptop and bend it clear over the ground and then let her fly, because I bet you'd be amazed at all the stuff that comes flying out.

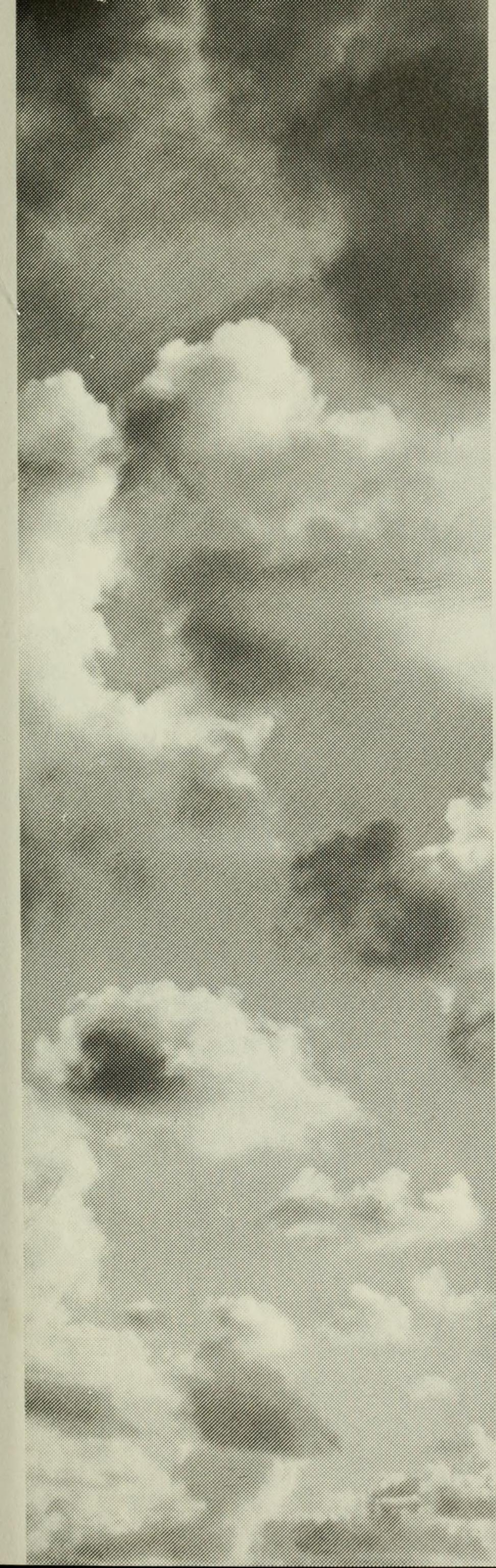


I remember that fateful day when Coach took me aside. I knew what was coming. "You don't have to tell me," I said. "I'm off the team, aren't I?"

"Well," said Coach, "you never were really on the team. You made that uniform you're wearing out of rags and towels, and your helmet is a toy space helmet. You show up at practice and then either steal the ball and make us chase you to get it back, or you try to tackle people at inappropriate times."

It was all true what he was saying. And yet, I thought, something is brewing inside the head of this Coach. He sees something in me, some kind of raw talent that he can mold. But that's when I felt the handcuffs go on.





*If you saw two guys
named Hambone and
Flippy, which one
would you think liked
dolphins the most? I'd say
Flippy, wouldn't you?
You'd be wrong though.
It's Hambone.*

When I heard that trees grow a new “ring” for each year they live, I thought, we humans are kind of like that: we grow a new layer of skin each year, and after many years we are thick and unwieldy from all our skin layers.



L*aurie got offended
that I used the word
“puke.” But to me,
that’s what her dinner
tasted like.*





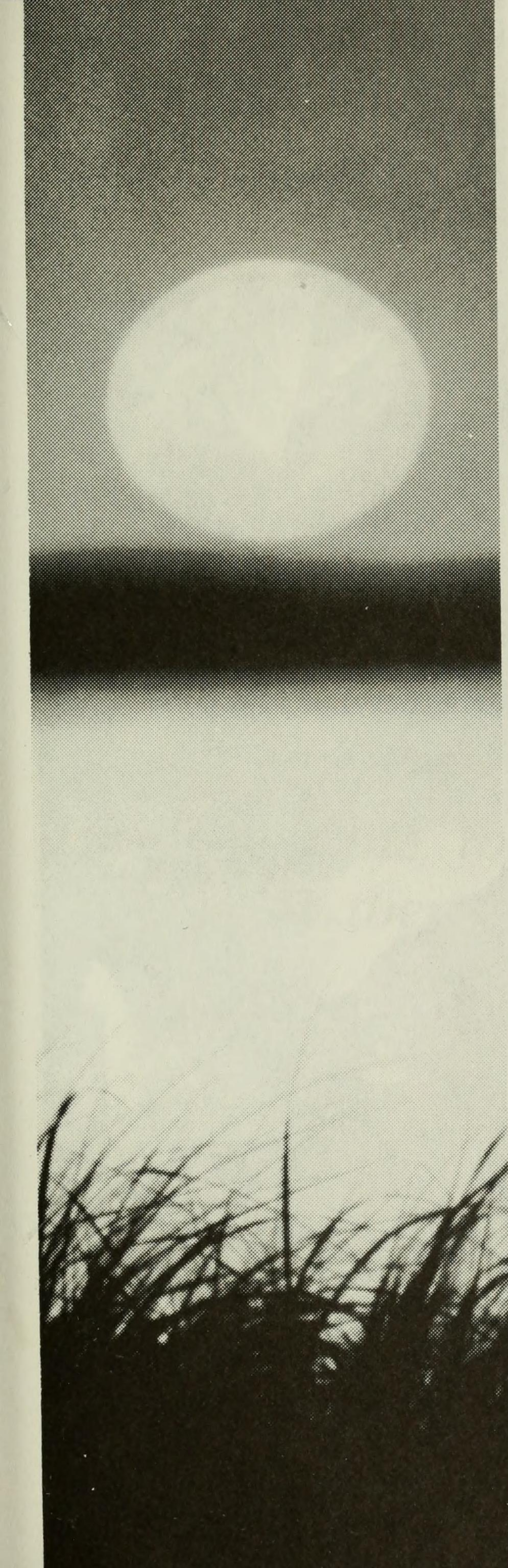
If you're in a boxing match, try not to let the other guy's glove touch your lips, because you don't know where that glove has been.

*I*t's too bad that whole families have to be torn apart by something as simple as wild dogs.





*M*arta says the interesting thing about fly fishing is that it's two lives connected by a thin strand. Come on, Marta. Grow up.



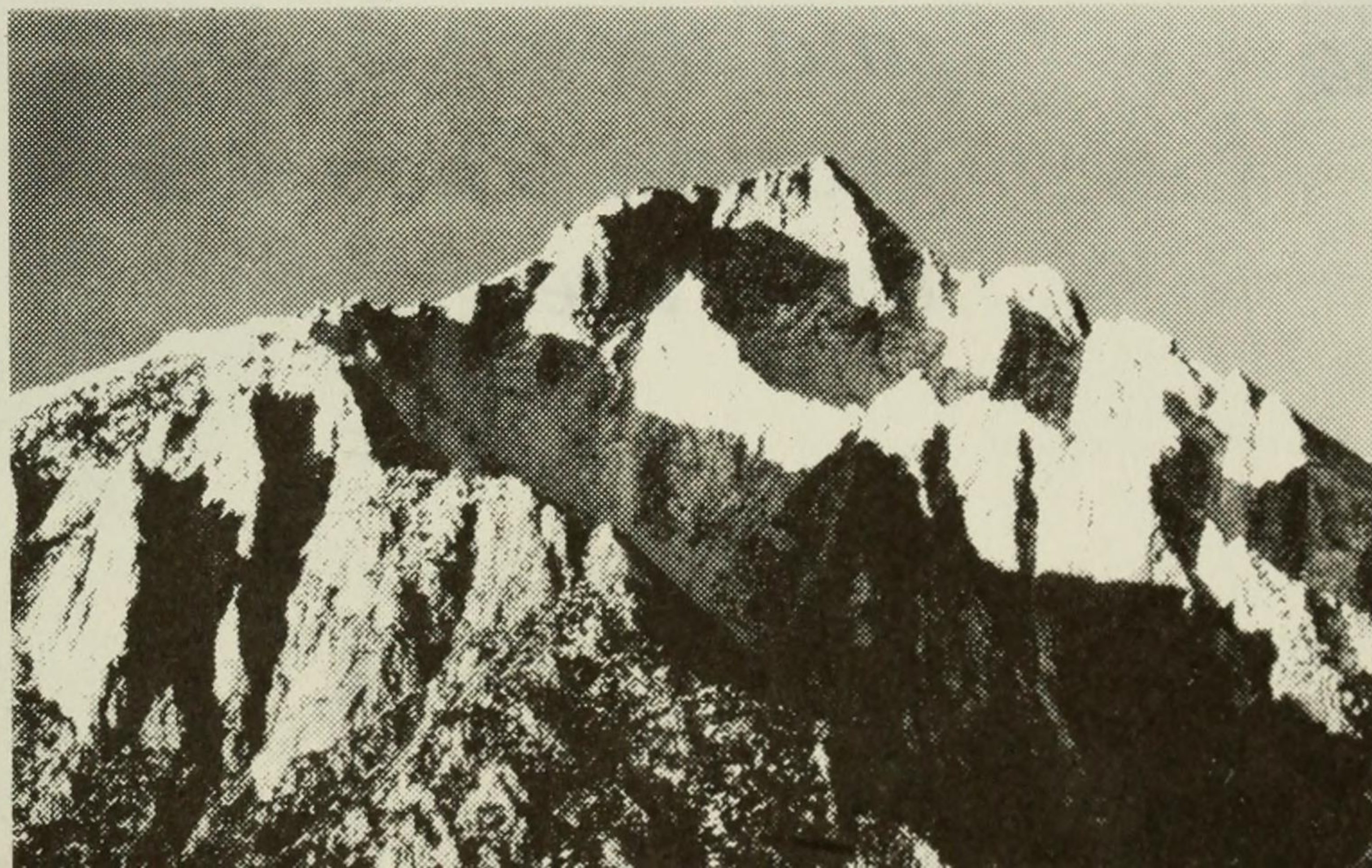
*The old pool shooter
had won many a
game in his life. But
now it was time to hang
up the cue. When he did,
all the other cues came
crashing to the floor.*

*“Sorry,” he said with a
smile.*

If I ever do a book on the Amazon, I hope I am able to bring a certain lightheartedness to the subject, in a way that tells the reader we are going to have fun with this thing.

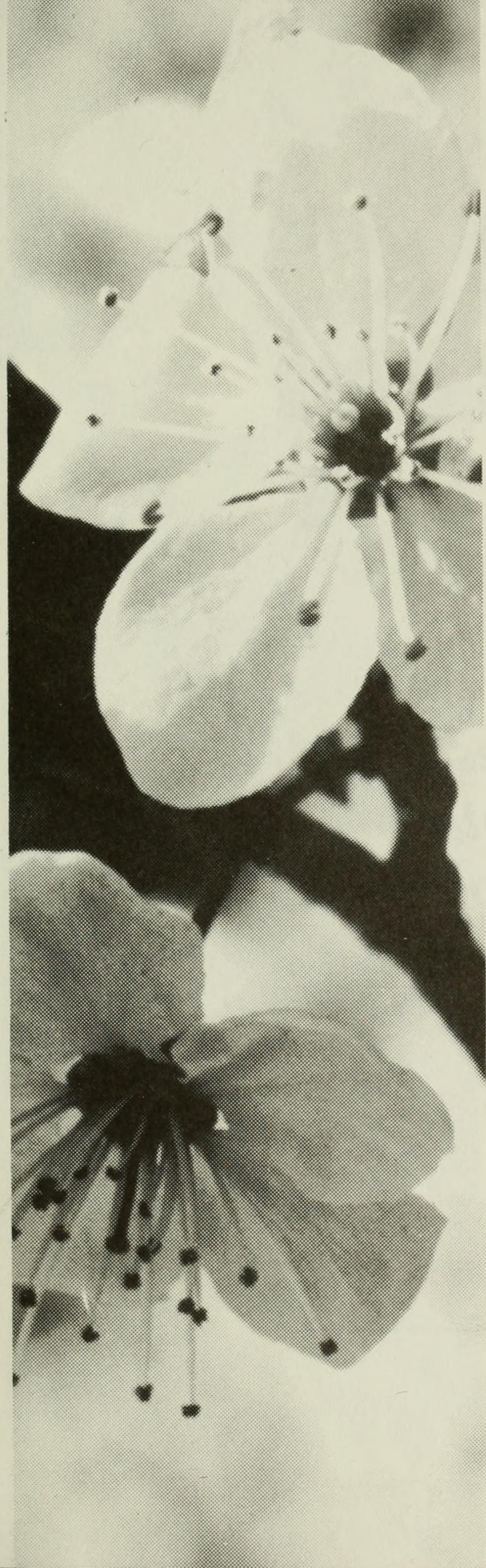


Even though he was
an enemy of mine, I
had to admit that
what he had accomplished
was a brilliant piece of
strategy. First, he punched
me, then he kicked me,
then he punched me again.





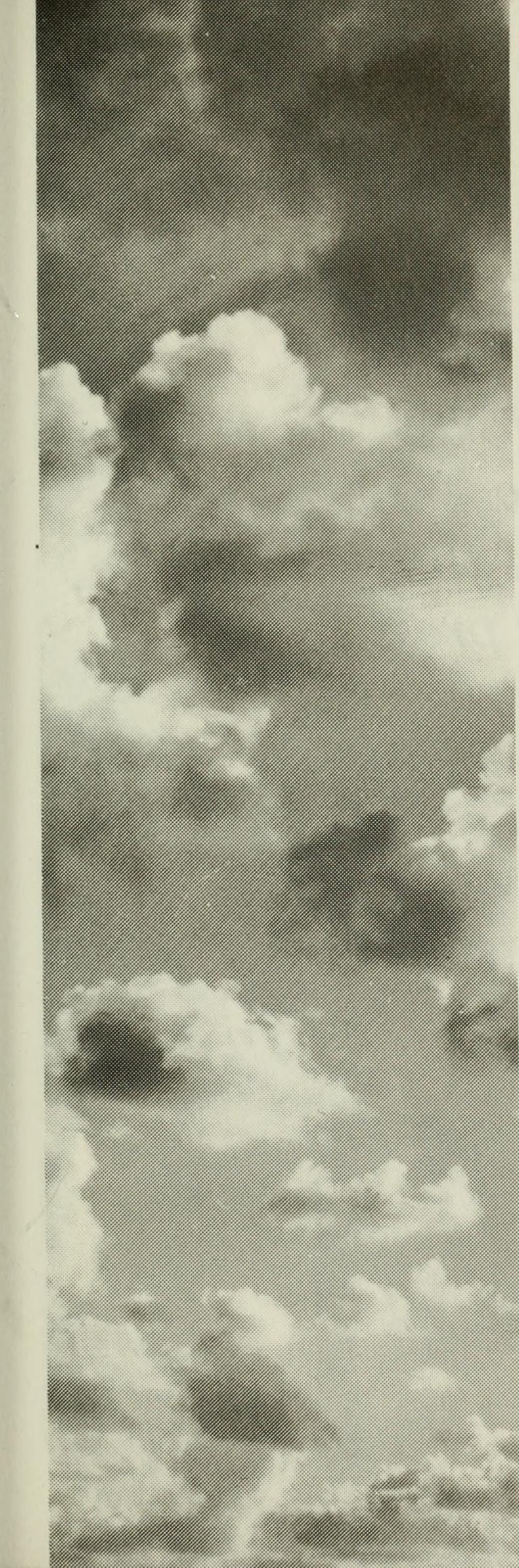
If you're at a Thanks-giving dinner, but you don't like the stuffing or the cranberry sauce or anything else, just pretend like you're eating it, but instead, put it all in your lap and form it into a big mushy ball. Then, later, when you're out back having cigars with the boys, let out a big fake cough and throw the ball to the ground. Then say, "Boy, these are good cigars!"



Most people don't realize that large pieces of coral, which have been painted brown and attached to the skull by common wood screws, can make a child look like a deer.



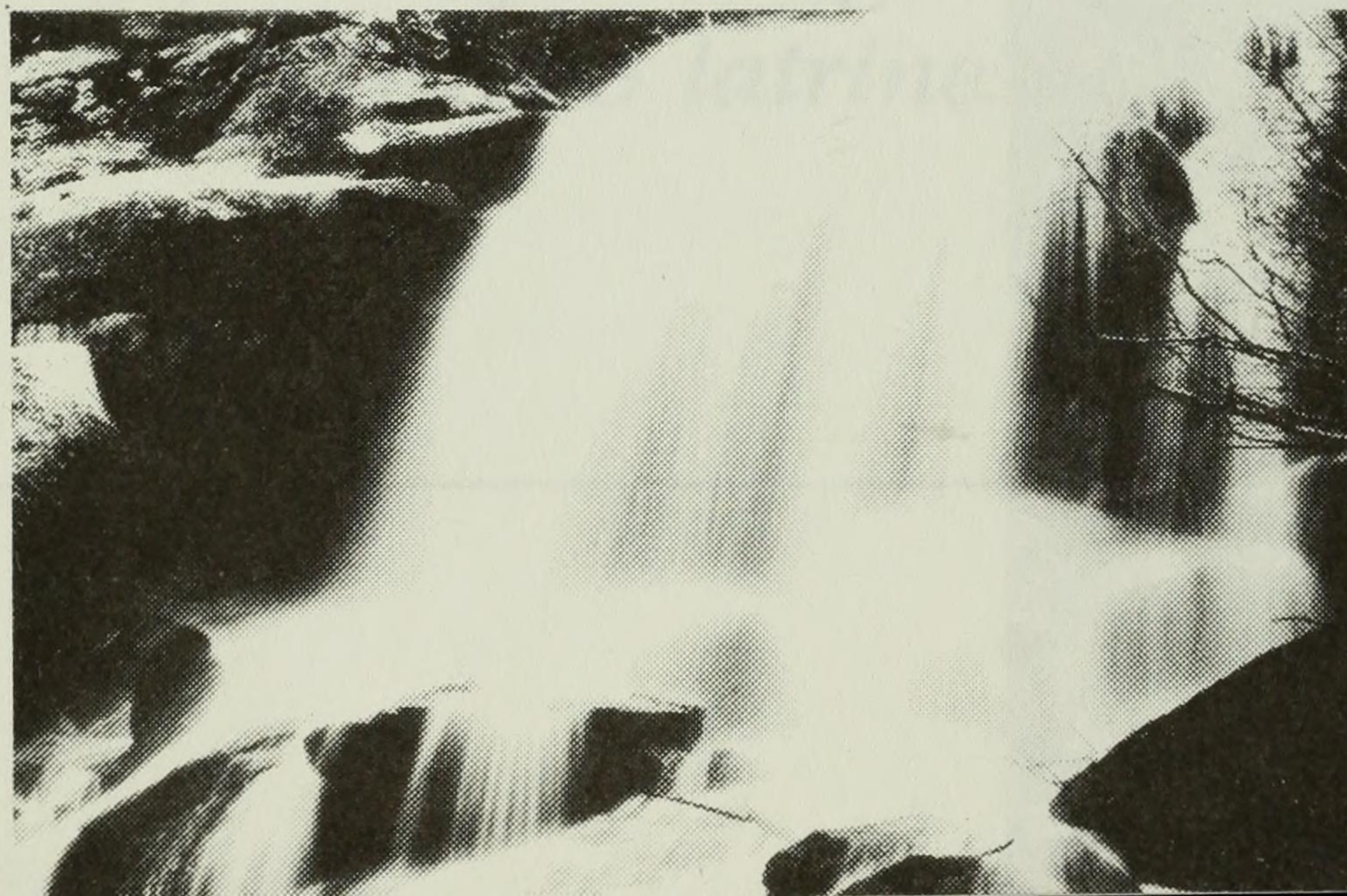
*The sound of fresh
rain run-off splash-
ing from the roof re-
minded me of the sound
of urine splashing into a
filthy Texaco latrine.*

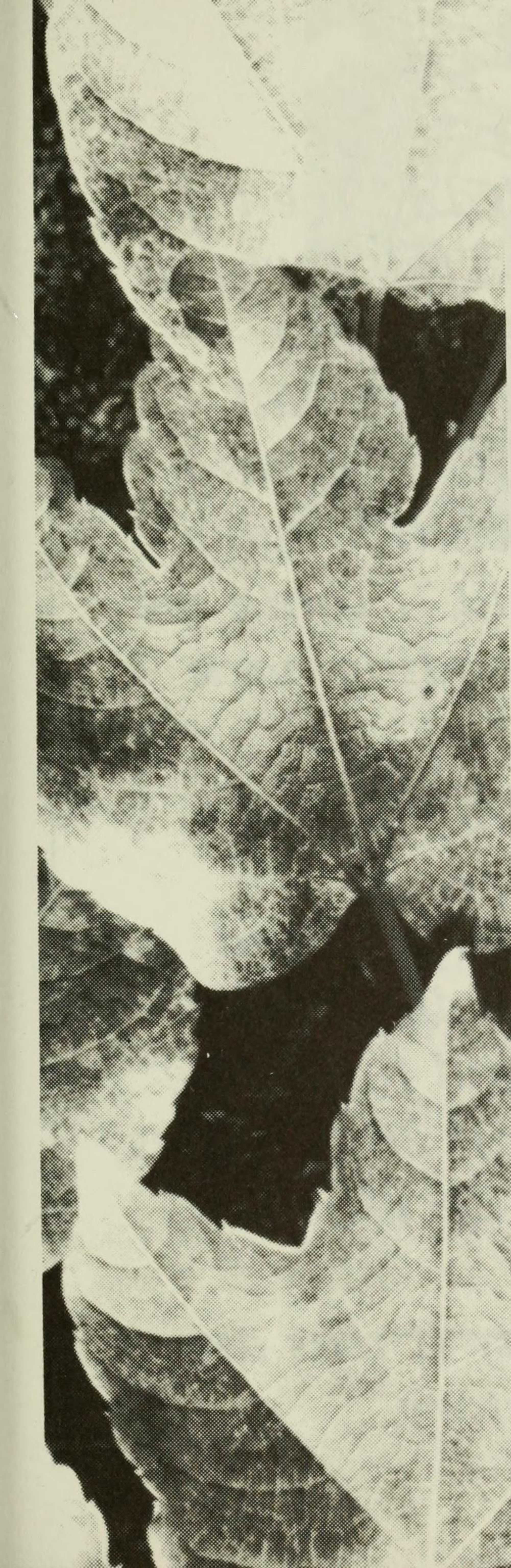


I *think somebody
should come up with a
way to breed a very
large shrimp. That way,
you could ride him, then,
after you camped at night,
you could eat him.*

How about it, science?

W*hen you go for a
job interview, I
think a good thing
to ask is if they ever press
charges.*





*I bet the main reason
the police keep people
away from a plane
crash is they don't want
anybody walking in and
lying down in the crash
stuff, then when somebody
comes up act like they just
woke up and go, "What
was that?!"*



I scrambled to the top of the precipice where Nick was waiting.

"That was fun," I said.

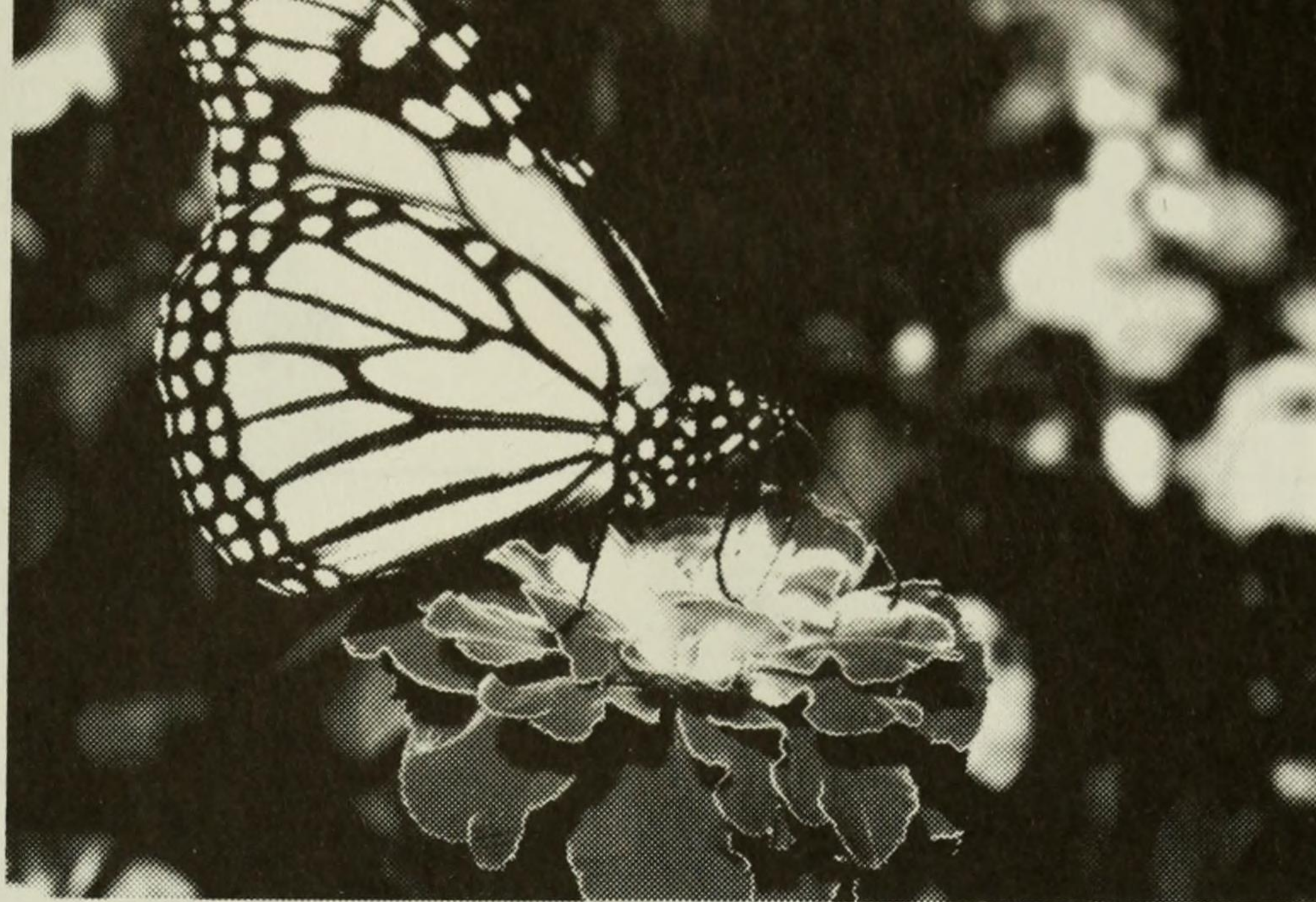
"You bet it was," said Nick. "Let's climb higher."

"No," I said. "I think we should be heading back now."

"We have time," Nick insisted.

I said we didn't, and Nick said we did. We argued back and forth like that for about 20 minutes, then finally decided to head back.

I didn't say it was an interesting story.



*If you're a young Mafia
gangster out on your
first date, I bet it's
really embarrassing if
someone tries to kill you.*

Some folks say it was a miracle. Saint Francis suddenly appeared and knocked the next pitch clean over the fence. But I think it was just a lucky swing.

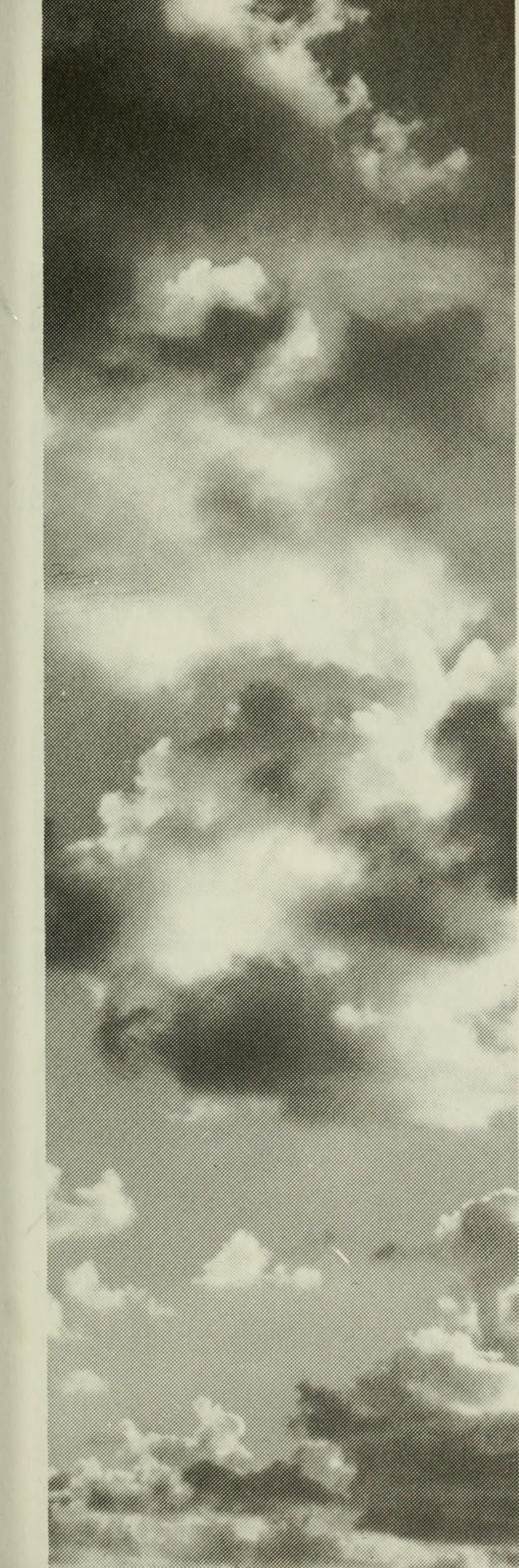




***T**oo bad there's not
such a thing as a
golden skunk, be-
cause you'd probably be
proud to be sprayed by
one.*



*I bet one legend that
keeps recurring
throughout history, in
every culture, is the story
of Popeye.*

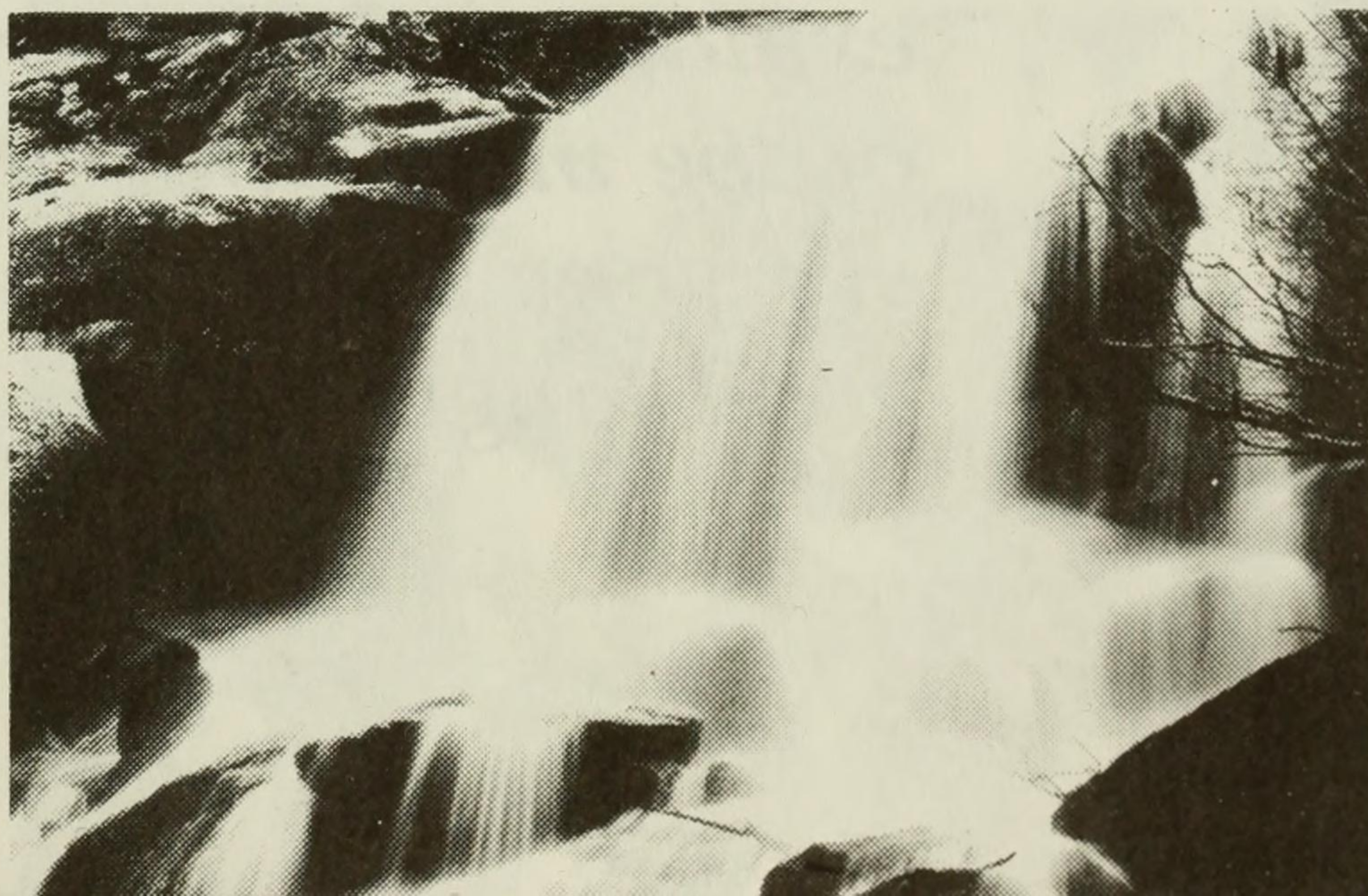


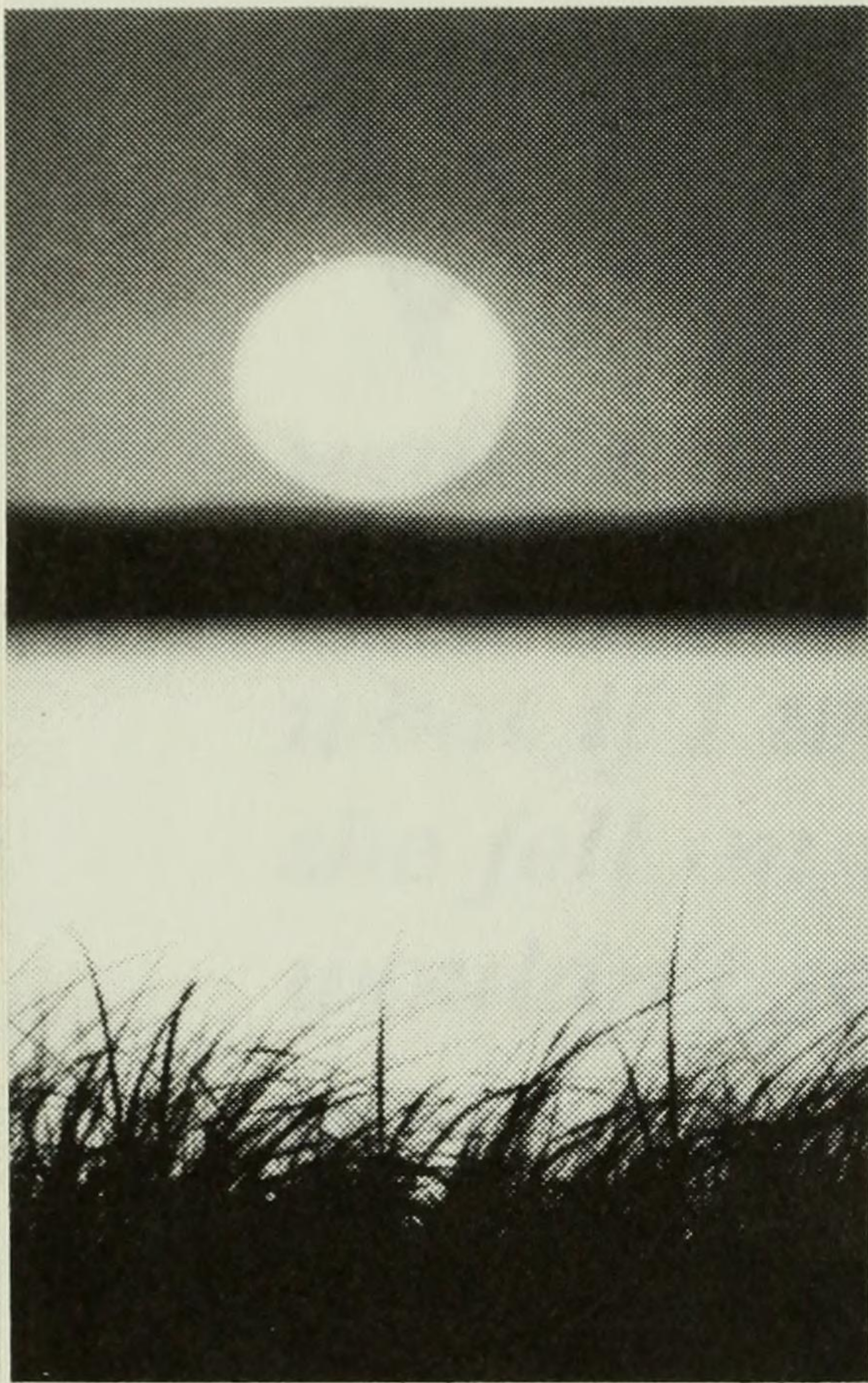
T*o me, truth is not
some vague, foggy
notion. Truth is real.
And, at the same time, un-
real. Fiction and fact and
everything in between,
plus some things I can't
remember, all rolled into
one big "thing." This is
truth, to me.*

Whenever I see an old lady slip and fall on a wet sidewalk, my first instinct is to laugh. But then I think, what if I was an ant, and she fell on me. Then it wouldn't seem quite so funny.



*Y*ou know what
would make a good
story? Something
about a clown who makes
people happy, but inside
he's real sad. Also, he has
severe diarrhea.





I bet a fun thing would be to go way back in time to where there was going to be an eclipse and tell the cave men, "If I have come to destroy you, may the sun be blotted out from the sky." Just then the eclipse would start, and they'd probably try to kill you or something, but then you could explain about the rotation of the moon and all, and everyone would get a good laugh.

*W*e used to laugh at
Grandpa when
he'd head off to go
fishing. But we wouldn't
be laughing that evening,
when he'd come back with
some whore he picked up
in town.

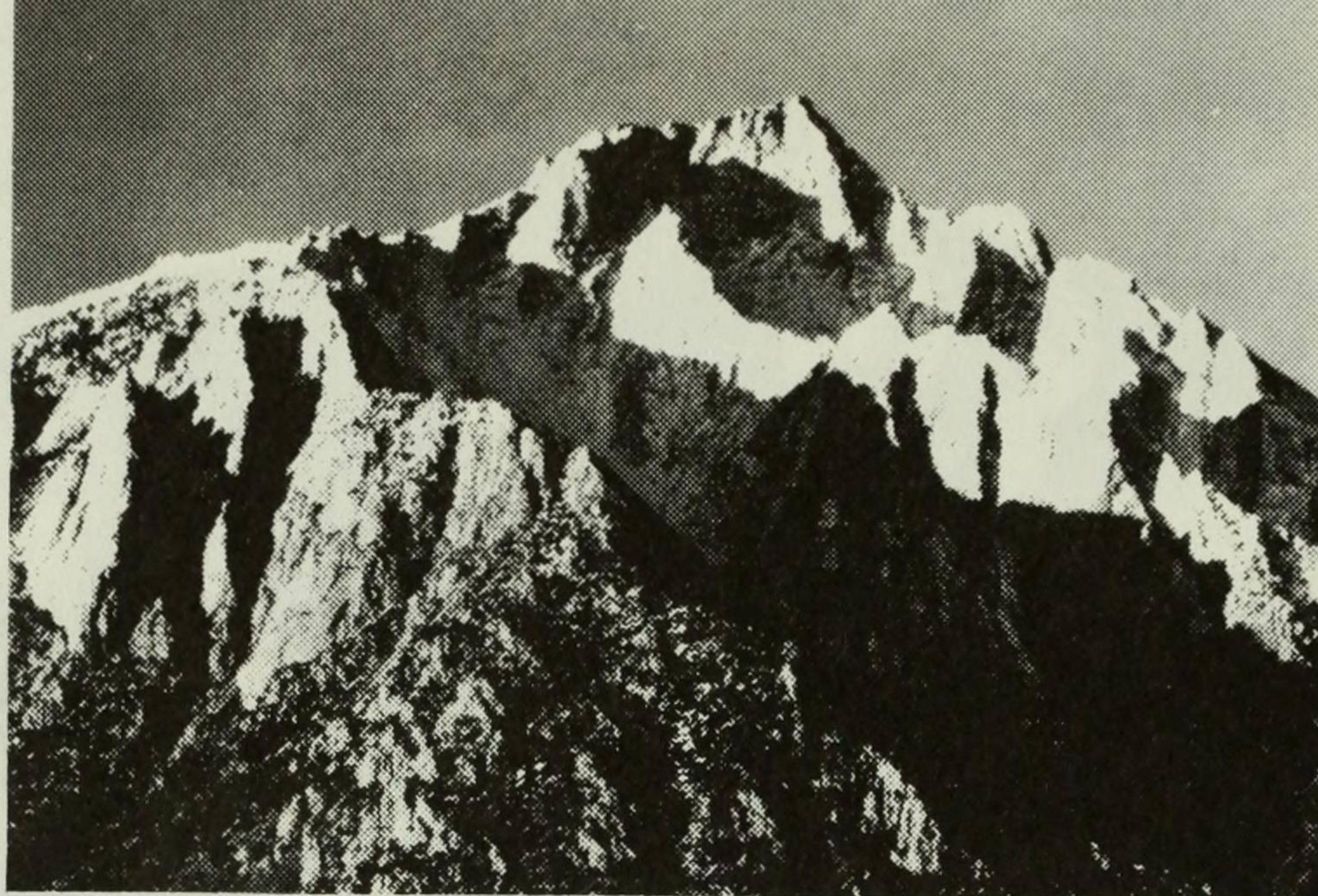




I *think in one of my
previous lives I was a
mighty king, because I
like people to do what I
say.*

Today I accidentally stepped on a snail on the sidewalk in front of our house. And I thought, I too am like that snail. I build a defensive wall around myself, a "shell" if you will. But my shell isn't made out of a hard, protective substance. Mine is made out of tin-foil and paper bags.



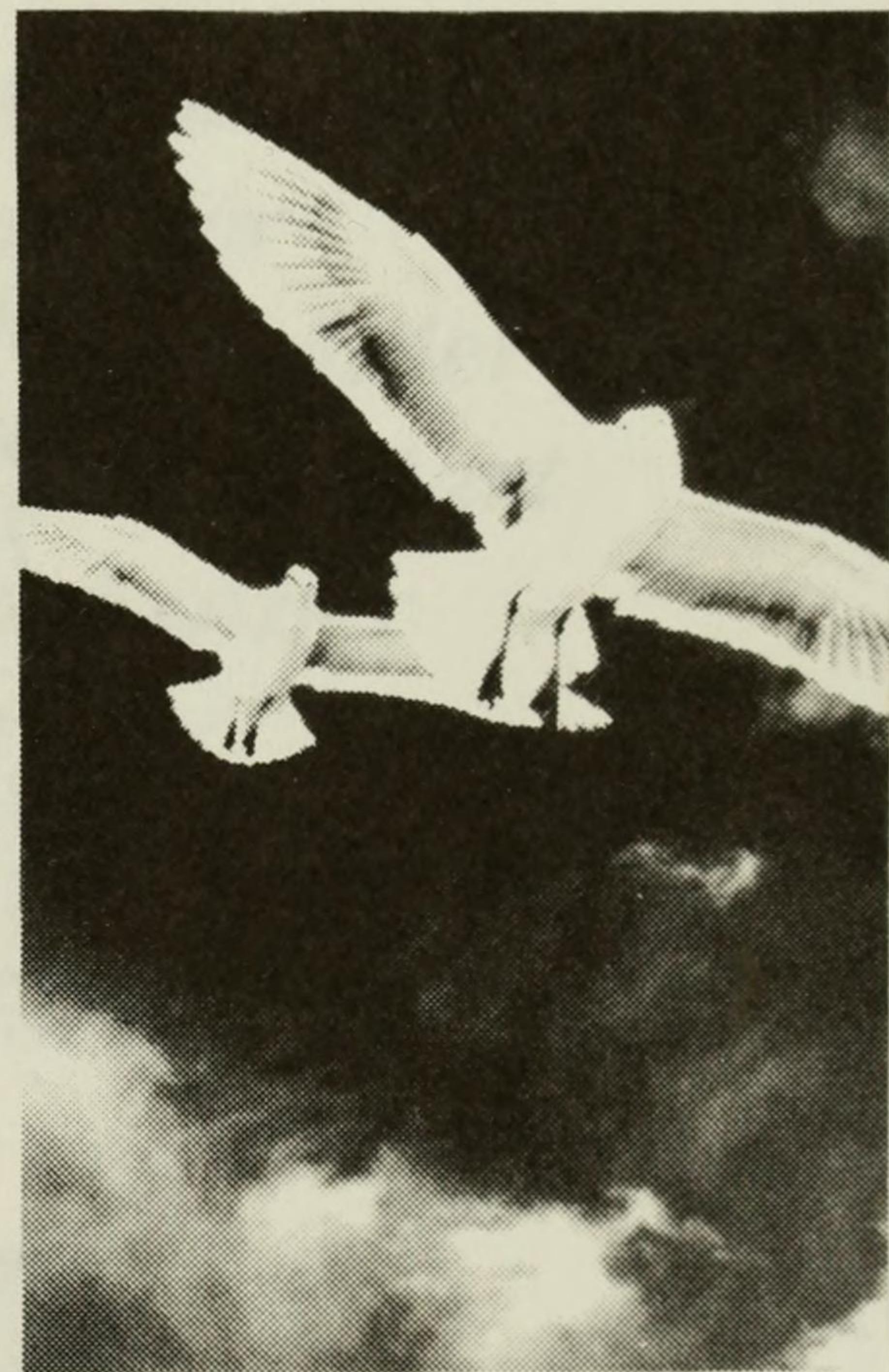


A man doesn't automatically get my respect. He has to get down in the dirt and beg for it.

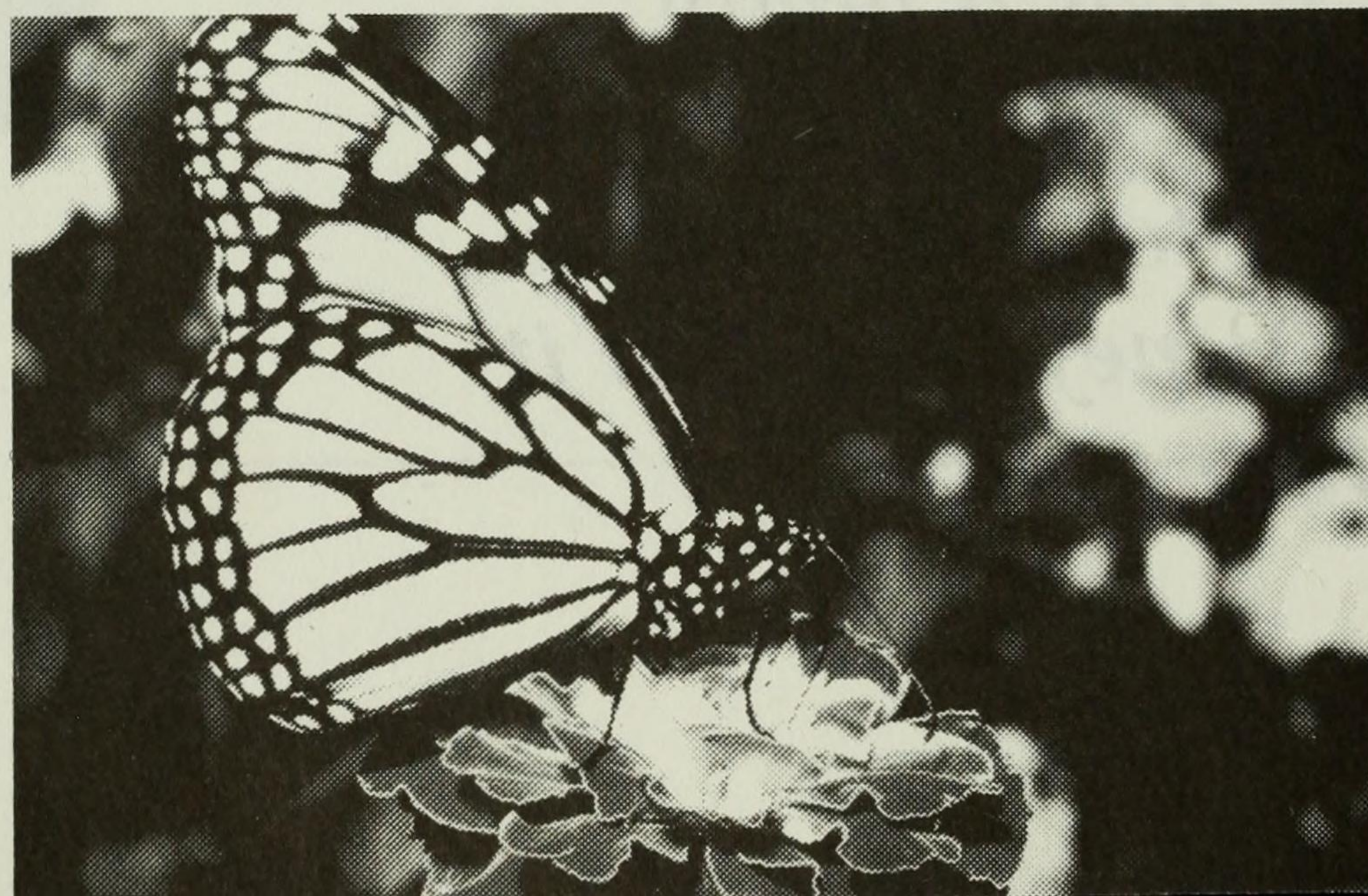
One thing kids like is to be tricked. For instance, I was going to take my little nephew to Disneyland, but instead I drove him to an old burned-out warehouse. "Oh, no," I said, "Disneyland burned down."

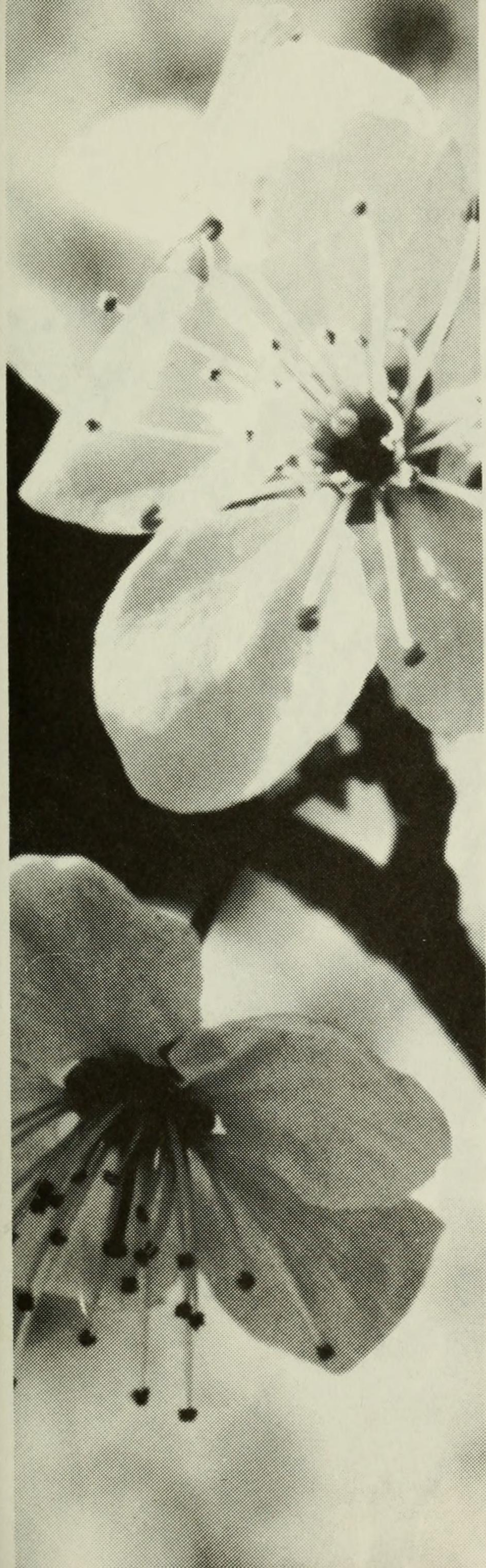
He cried and cried, but I think that deep down, he thought it was a pretty good joke.

I started to drive over to the real Disneyland, but it was getting pretty late.



*A*s the evening sun
faded from a
salmon color to a
sort of flint gray, I thought
back to the salmon I
caught that morning, and
how gray he was, and
how I named him Flint.





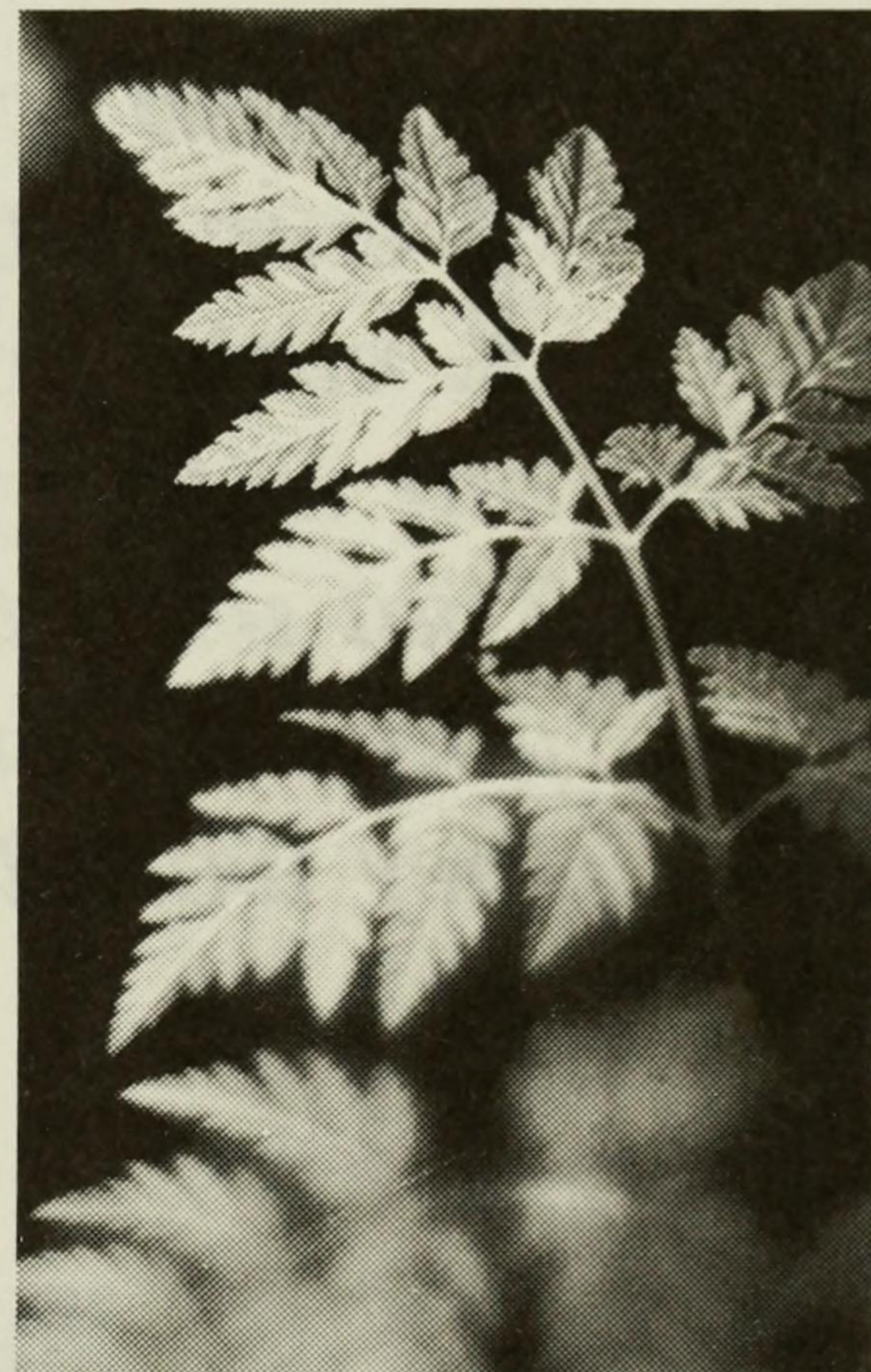
If you're ever stuck in some thick undergrowth, in your underwear, don't stop and start thinking of what other words have "under" in them, because that's probably the first sign of jungle madness.

*Sometimes the beauty
of the world is so
overwhelming, I just
want to throw back my
head and gargle. Just gar-
gle and gargle, and I don't
care who hears me, be-
cause I am beautiful.*

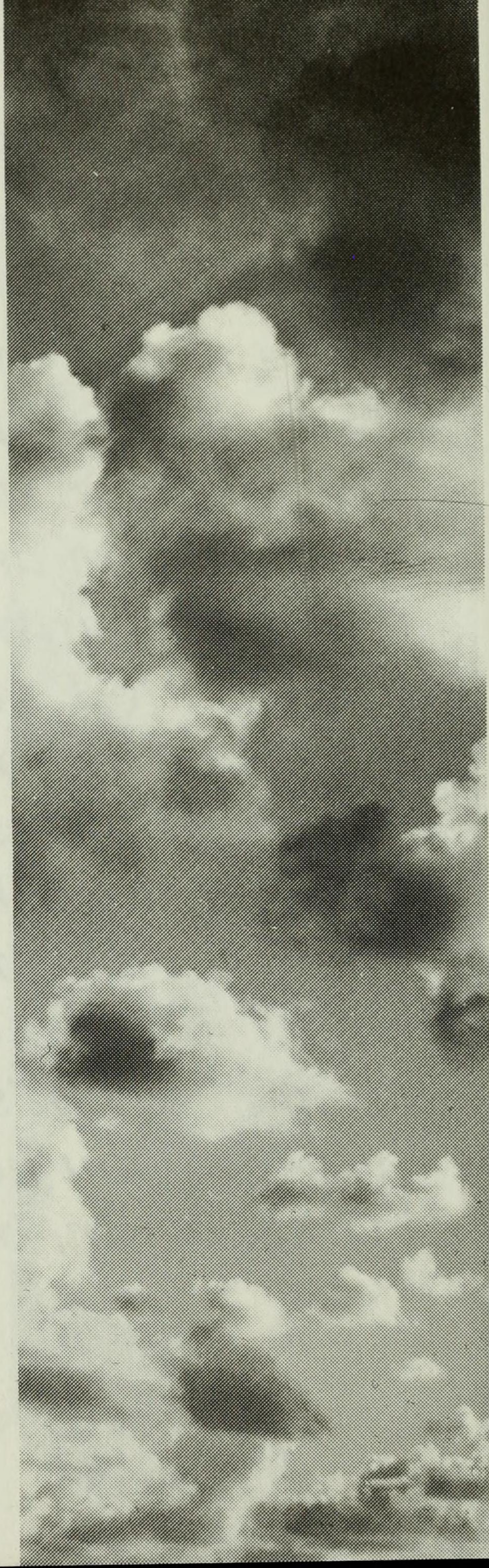


Fear can sometimes be
a useful emotion.

For instance, let's
say you're an astronaut
on the moon and you fear
that your partner has been
turned into Dracula. The
next time he goes out for
the moon pieces, wham!,
you just slam the door be-
hind him and blast off. He
might call you on the ra-
dio and say he's not Dra-
cula, but you just say,
"Think again, bat man."



I wish scientists would
come up with a way to
make dogs a lot bigger,
but with a smaller head.
That way, they'd still be
good as watchdogs, but
they wouldn't eat so much.



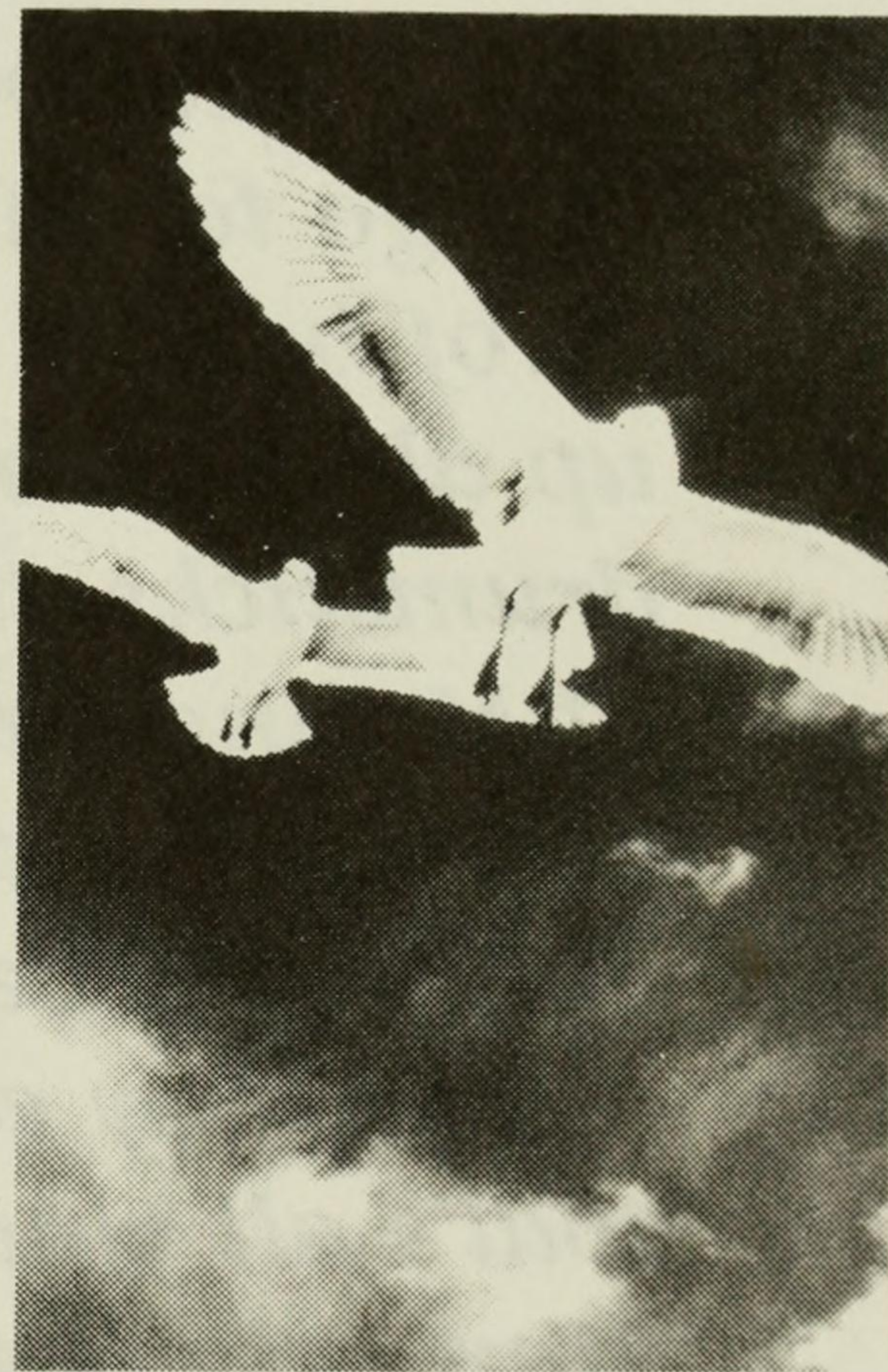
*I bet for an Indian,
shooting an old fat
pioneer woman in the
back with an arrow, and
she fires her shotgun into
the ground as she falls
over, is like the top thing
you can do.*





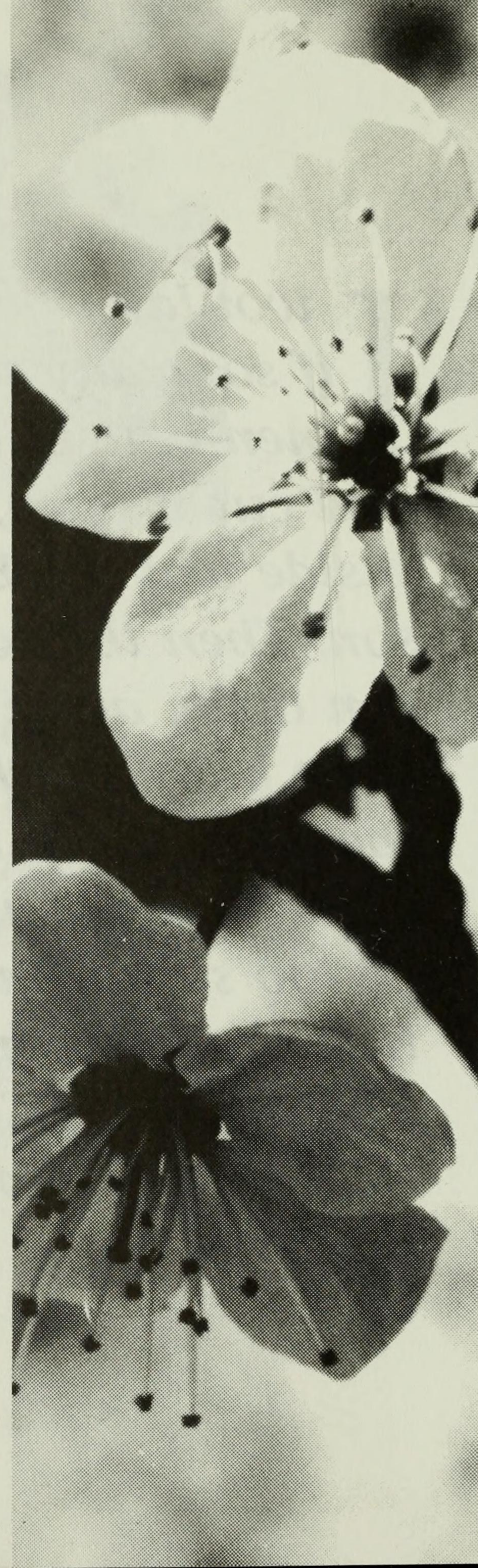
*I think a good movie
would be about a guy
who's a brain scientist,
but he gets hit on the head
and it damages the part of
the brain that makes you
want to study the brain.*

I wouldn't be surprised if someday some fishermen caught a big shark and cut it open, and there inside was a whole person. Then they cut the person open, and in him is a little baby shark. And in the baby shark there isn't a person, because it would be too small. But there's a little doll or something, like a Johnny Combat little toy guy—something like that.



*I t makes me mad when
I go to all the trouble
of having Marta cook
up about a hundred
drumsticks, then the guy
at Marineland says, "You
can't throw chicken to the
dolphins. They eat fish."*

*Sure they eat fish, if
that's all you give them.
Man, wise up.*

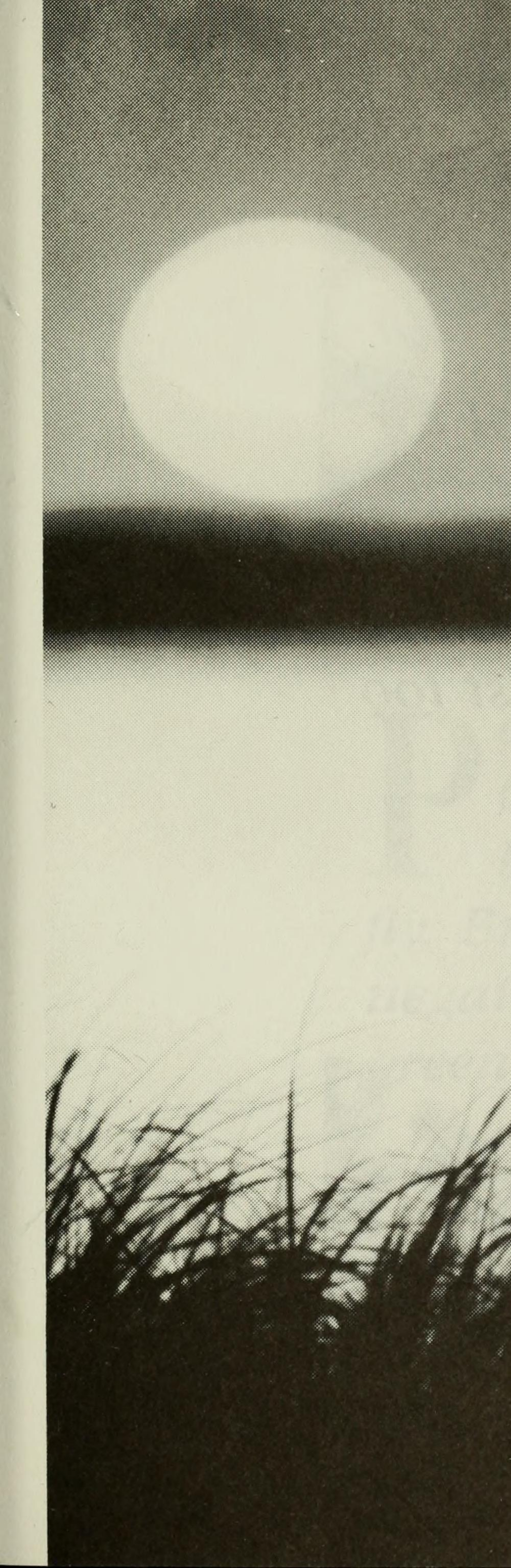


*If the Vikings were
around today, they
would probably be
amazed at how much
glow-in-the-dark stuff we
have, and how we take so
much of it for granted.*





We tend to scoff at the beliefs of the ancients. But we can't scoff at them personally, to their faces, and this is what annoys me.




I *t's not good to let any
kid near a container
that has a skull and
crossbones on it, because
there might be a skeleton
costume inside and the
kid could put it on and
really scare you.*

If you had a school for professional fireworks people, I don't think you could cover fuses in just one class. It's just too rich a subject.



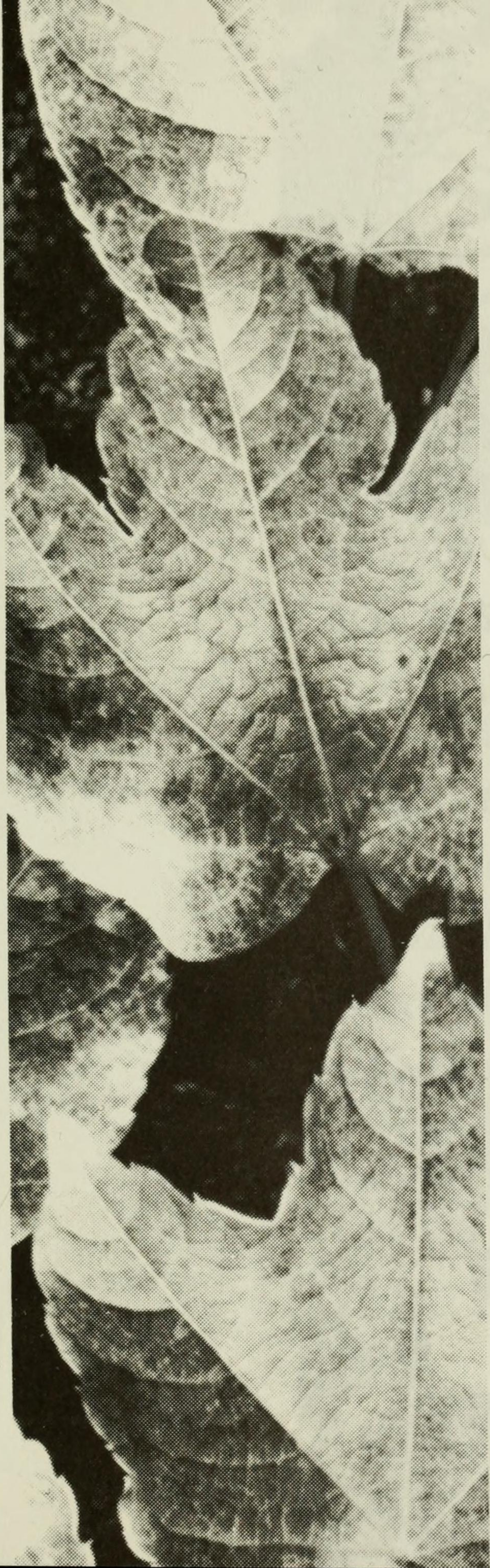


*People think it would
be fun to be a bird
because you could
fly. But they forget the
negative side, which is the
preening.*



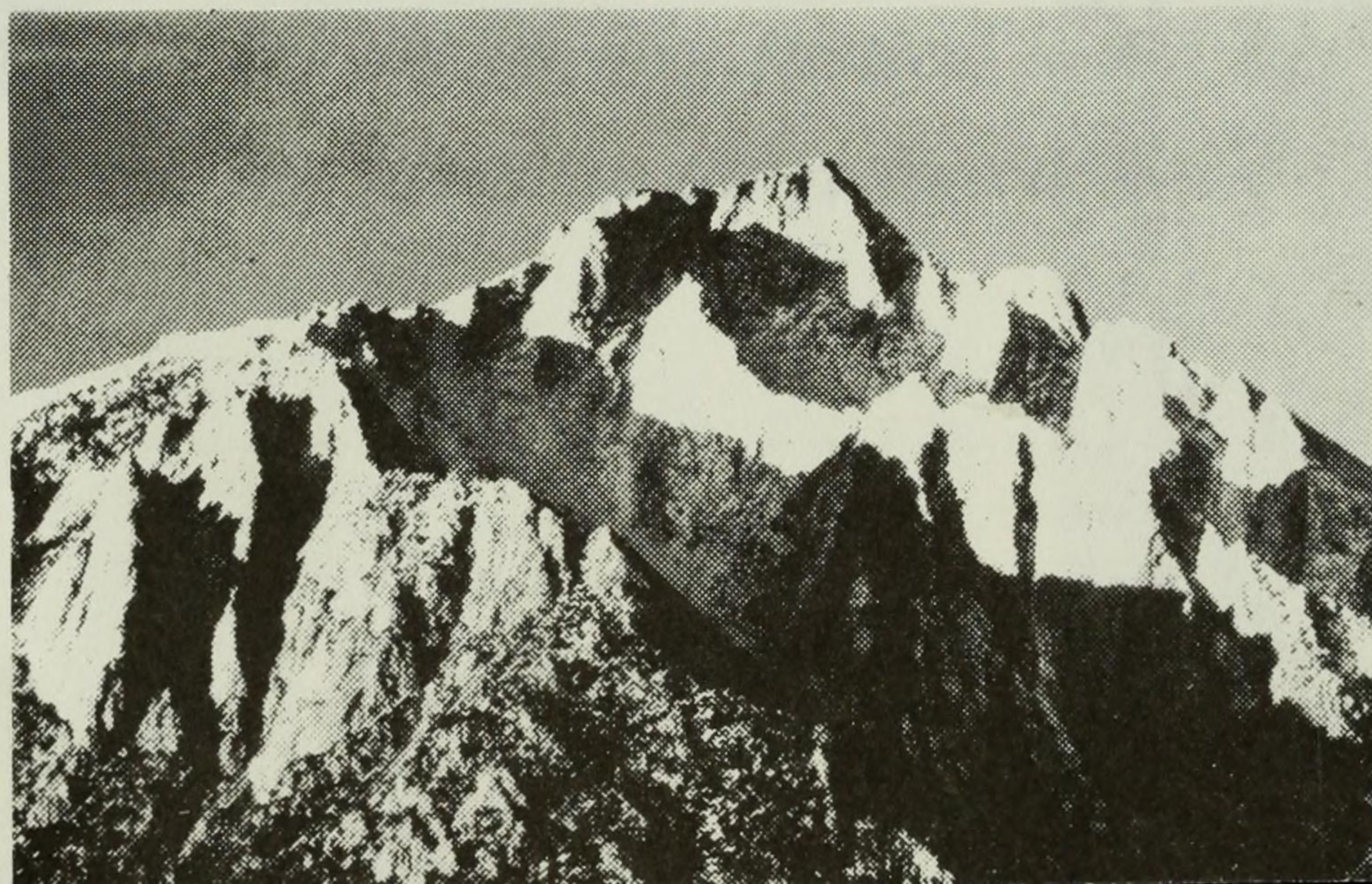
If I lived back in the Wild West days, instead of carrying a six-gun in my holster, I'd carry a soldering iron. That way, if some smart-aleck cowboy said something like "Hey, look. He's carrying a soldering iron!" and started laughing, and everybody else started laughing, I could just say, "That's right, it's a soldering iron. The soldering iron of justice."

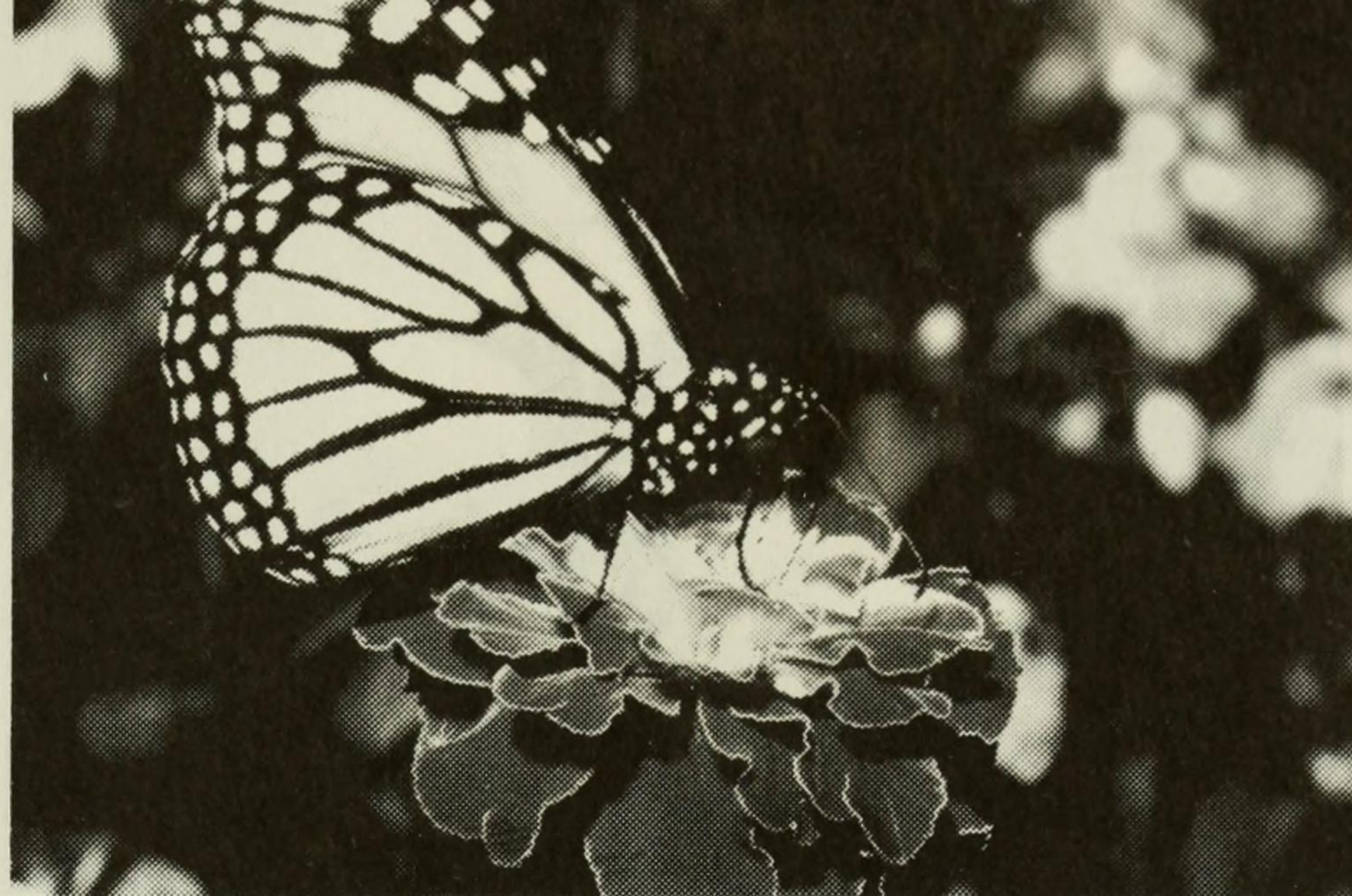
Then everybody would get real quiet and ashamed, because they made fun of the soldering iron of justice, and I could probably hit them up for a free drink.



W*hen I think back
on all the bless-
ings I have been
given in my life, I can't
think of a single one, un-
less you count that rat-
tlesnake that granted me
all those wishes.*

*I hope in the future
Americans are thought
of as a warlike, vicious
people, because I bet a lot
of high schools would
pick "Americans" as their
mascot.*

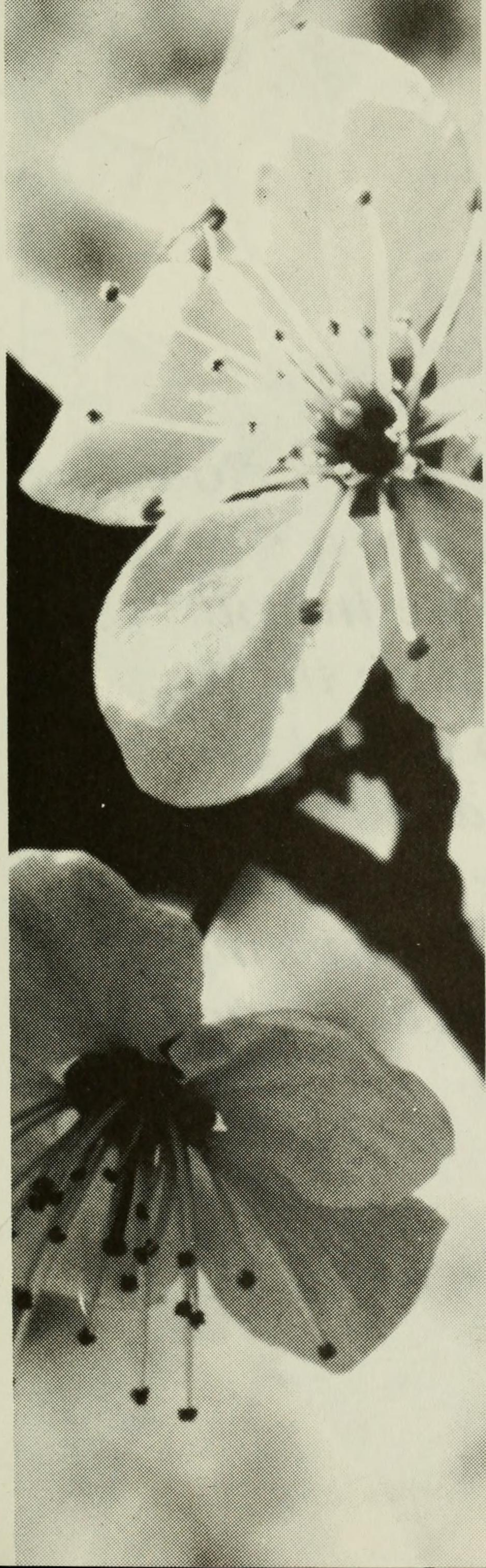




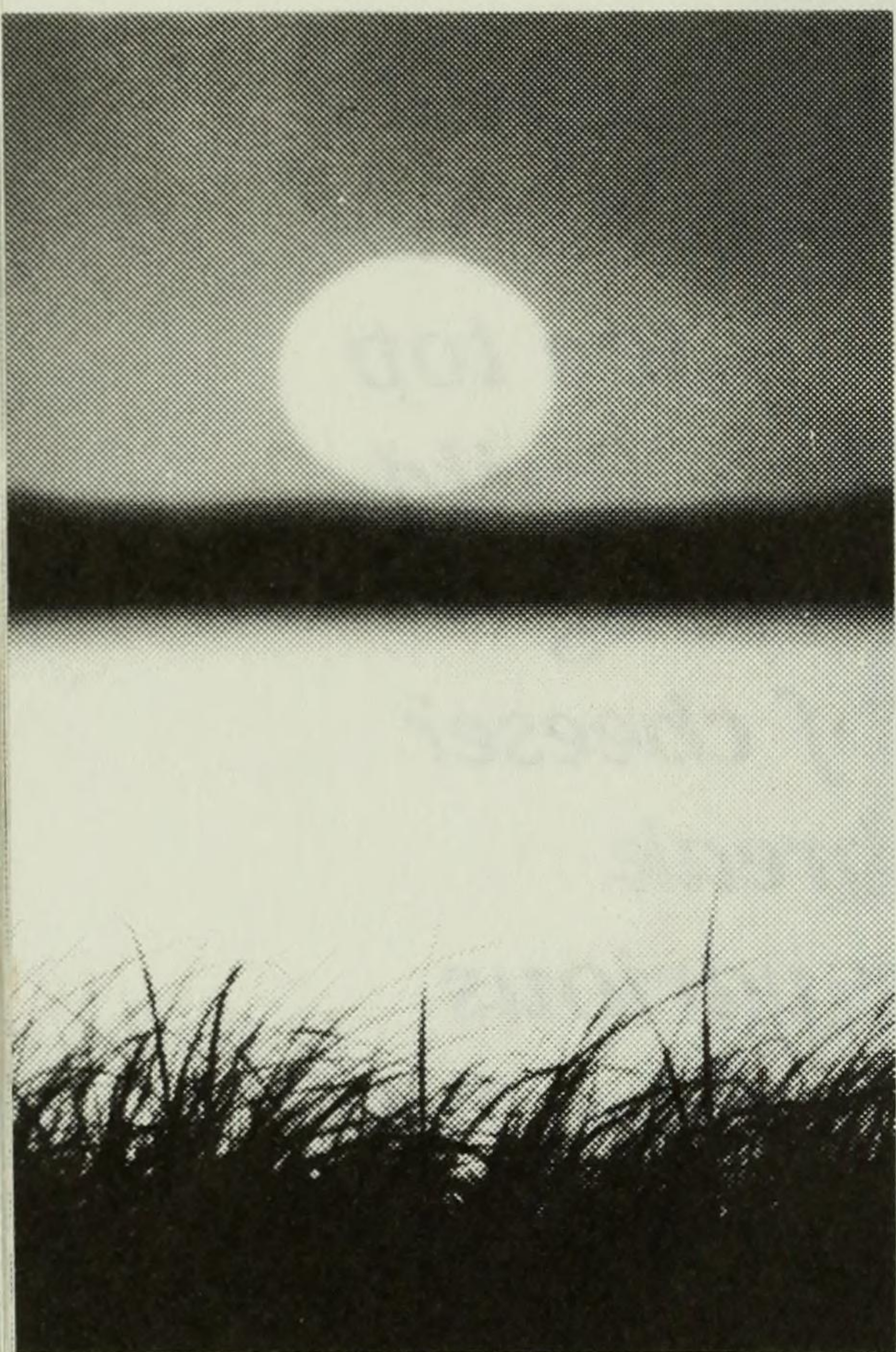
Sometimes I think the world has gone completely mad. And then I think, "Aw, who cares?" And then I think, "Hey, what's for supper?"



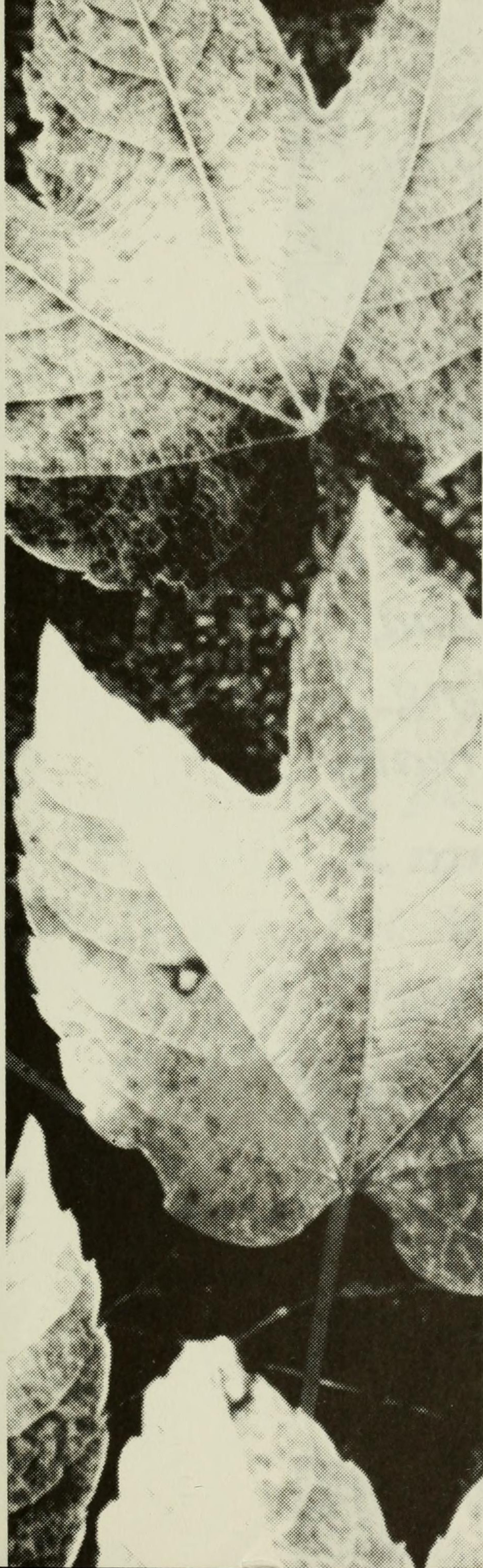
*If you ever discover that
what you're seeing is a
play within a play, just
slow down, take a deep
breath, and hold on for
the ride of your life.*



I can see why it would be prohibited to throw most things off the top of the Empire State Building, but what's wrong with little bits of cheese? They probably break down into their various gases before they even hit.



*If you're a circus clown,
and you have a dog
that you use in your
act, I don't think it's a
good idea to also dress the
dog up like a clown, be-
cause people see that and
they think, "Forgive me,
but that's just too much."*



Here's a good joke to do during an earthquake: straddle a big crack in the ground, and if it opens wider, go "Whoa! Whoa!" and flail your arms around, like you're going to fall in.

If you ever go temporarily insane, don't shoot somebody, like a lot of people do. Instead, try to get some weeding done, because you'd really be surprised.



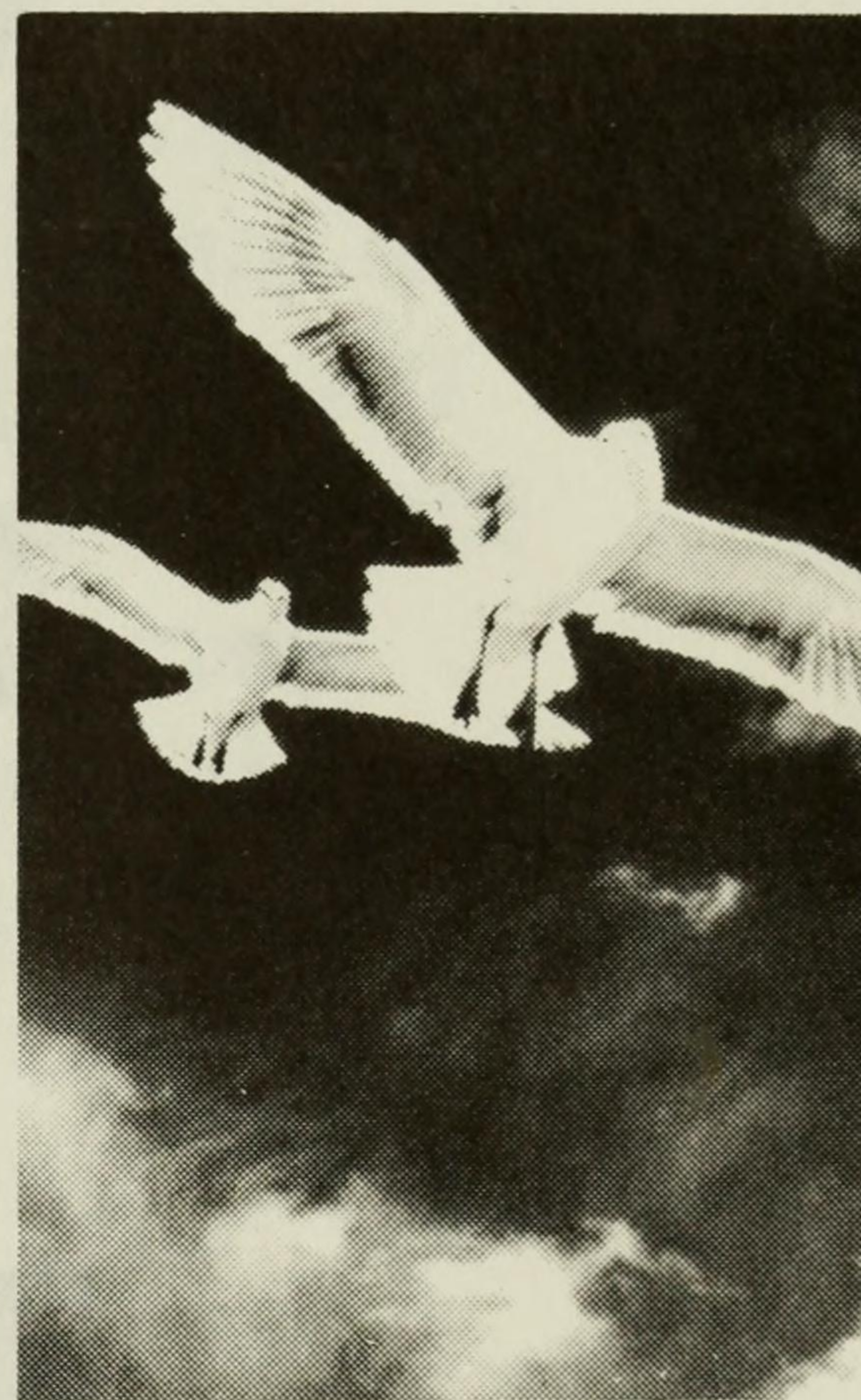


I t makes me mad when people say I turned and ran like a scared rabbit. Maybe it was like an angry rabbit, who was running to go fight in another fight, away from the first fight.

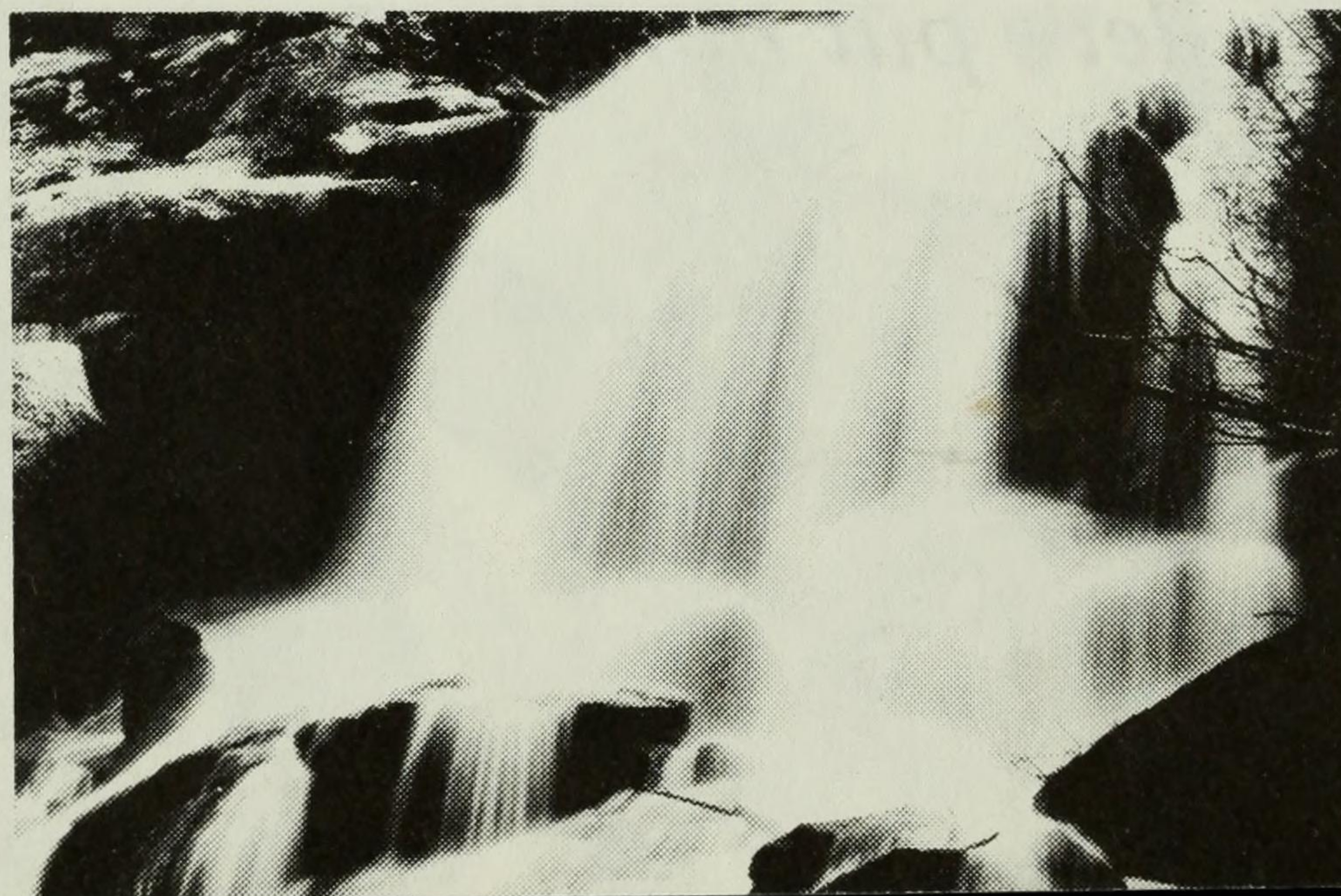
*I hope if dogs ever take
over the world, and
they choose a king,
they don't just go by size,
because I bet there are
some Chihuahuas with
some good ideas.*

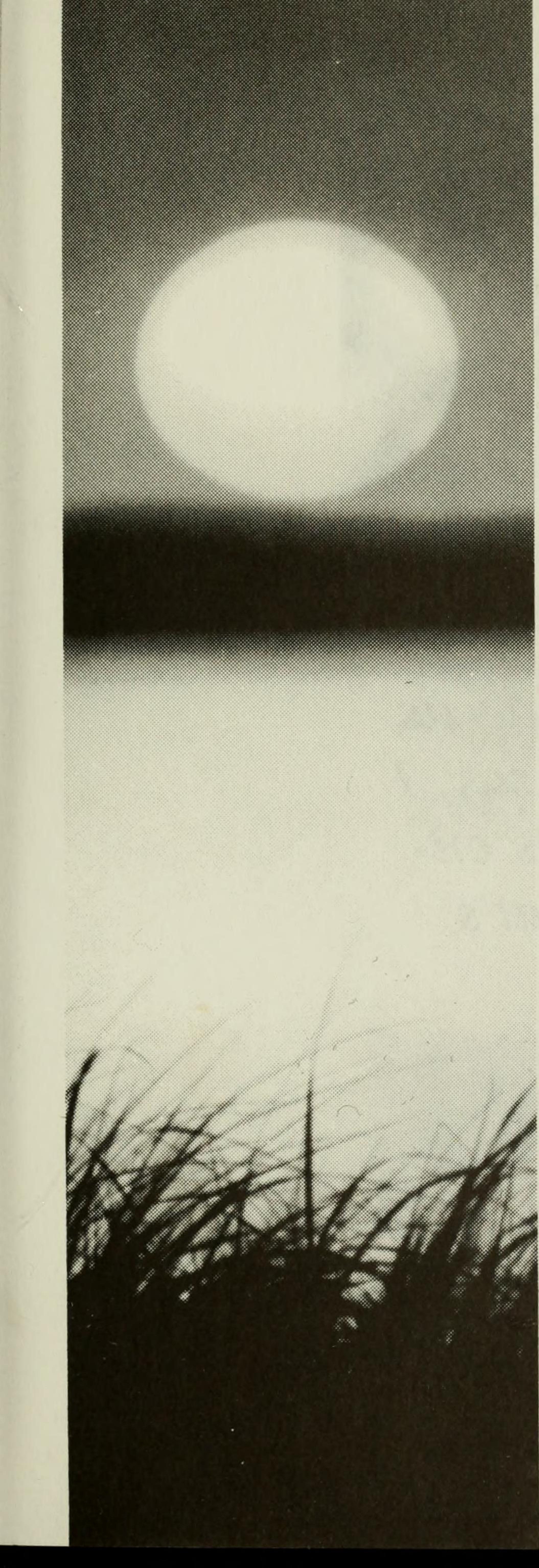


I think a good way to get into a movie is to show up where they're making the movie, then stick a big cactus plant onto your buttocks and start yowling and running around. Everyone would think it was funny, and the head movie guy would say, "Hey, let's put him in the movie."



W*hat is it that
makes a complete
stranger dive into
an icy river to save a solid
gold baby? Maybe we'll
never know.*



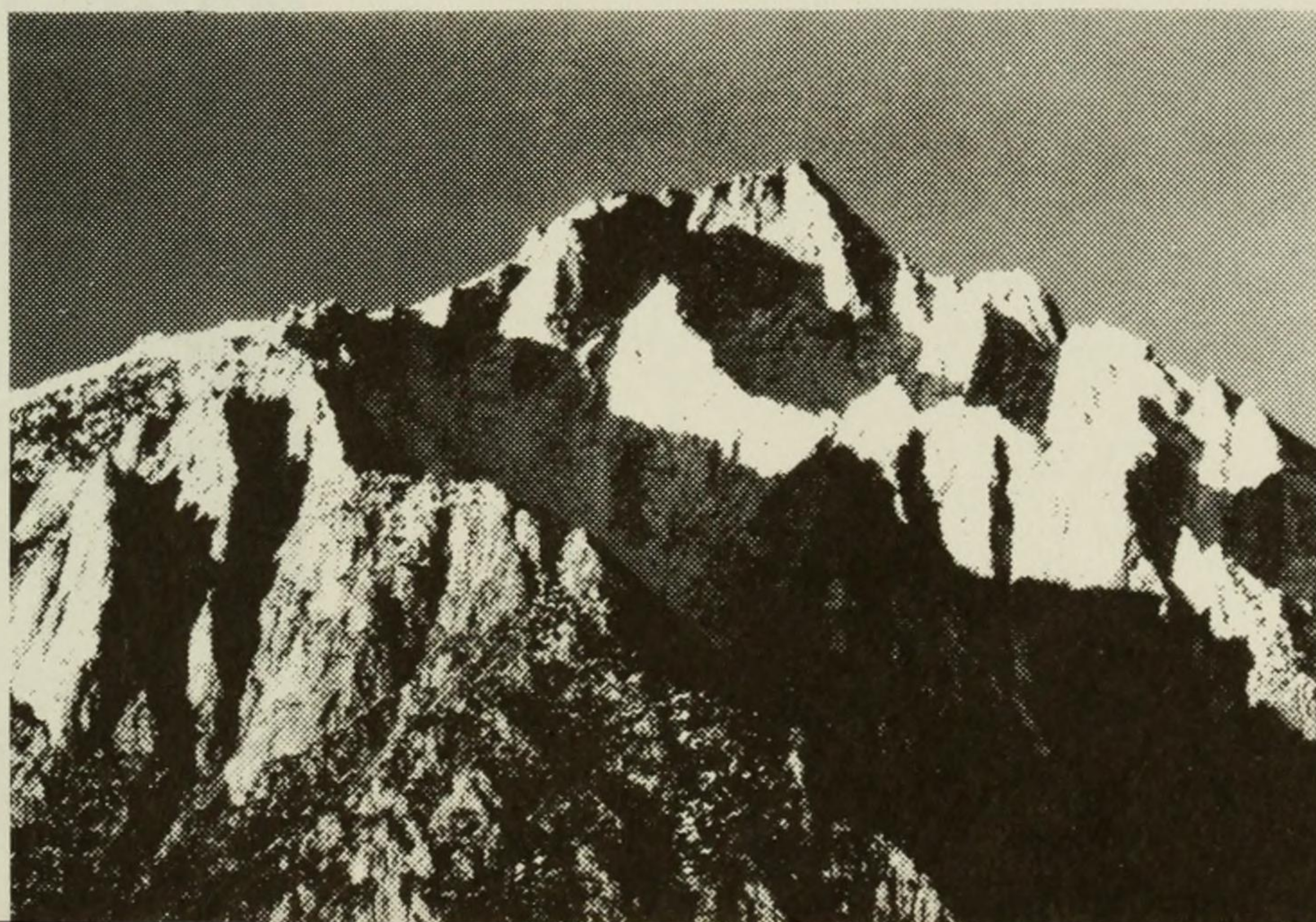


Instead of having “answers” on a math test, they should just call them “impressions,” and if you got a different “impression,” so what, can’t we all be brothers?

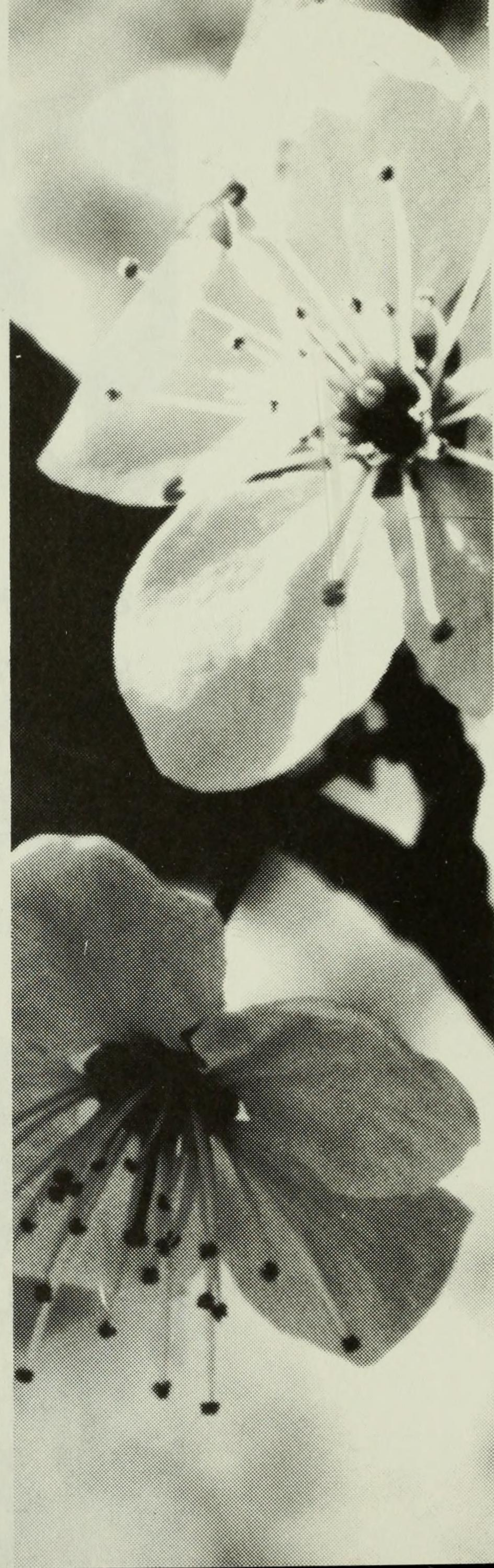


*If God dwells inside us,
like some people say, I
sure hope He likes en-
chiladas, because that's
what He's getting!*

*P*robably to a shark,
about the funniest
thing there is is a
wounded seal, trying to
swim to shore, because
where does he think he's
going?!



*P*erhaps, if I am very lucky, the feeble efforts of my lifetime will someday be noticed, and maybe, in some small way, they will be acknowledged as the greatest works of genius ever created by Man.



One thing kids like is to be tricked. For instance, I was going to take my little nephew to Disneyland, but instead I drove him to an old burned-out warehouse. "Oh, no," I said, "Disneyland burned down."

He cried and cried, but I think that deep down, he thought it was a pretty good joke.

I started to drive over to the real Disneyland, but it was getting pretty late.

Deep Thoughts

by
Jack Handey



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